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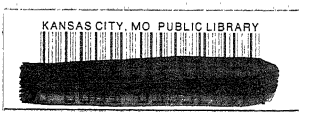
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BERMUDA IN THREE COLORS

KAPOOT

EXPLORING THE WORLD WITH CARVETH WELLS

ADVENTURE

IN COLDEST AFRICA

LET'S DO THE MEDITERRANEAN

THE JUNGLEMAN AND HIS ANIMALS

SIX YEARS IN THE MALAY JUNGLE

THE FIELD ENGINEERS HANDBOOK

Bermuda in Three Colors

CARVETH WELLS

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY

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OF AMERICA

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Dedicated to the Memory of My Father
THOMAS GRANT WELLS
A Bermudian

Preface

*There are several excellent treatises and guide-*books on Bermuda, but the object of this volume is to provide the visitor with a breezy account of the islands, their history and their natural history, that can be read in a few hours on board ship while traveling to the land of perpetual spring.

Of the thousands of people who visit Bermuda annually, it is surprising how few have the least idea of where they have been when they return to the mainland.

Some people, having become semiconscious soon after boarding the steamer in New York, never regain the full possession of their faculties while in

Bermuda and often arrive home in a coma; to these, this book will have no appeal.

Others have a vague idea that they have been somewhere in the West Indies where it was warm and where Dr. Beebe spends much of his time exploring the deep sea in a steel ball, but very few indeed realize that they have visited an island that has been famous since the days of Shakespeare, whose history is linked with that of the United States in such an interesting way that every American schoolboy ought to study it.

To derive the full benefit of a trip to Bermuda, it is essential to know something about the Bermudians themselves; unfortunately, it is not an easy matter to get to know them, hence my chapter on Who's Who in Bermuda.

For many of my most interesting historical facts I am indebted to Mr. Francis Goodwin Gosling.

CARVETH WELLS

Bermudiana Hotel
February, 1935

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Chapter One

The Wreck of the "Sea Venture"

Eleven years before the "Mayflower" sailed from England to found the first colony in New England, a fleet of nine sailing ships left Plymouth bound for Jamestown, Virginia. The flagship of the fleet was named the *Sea Venture,* and the admiral was Sir George Somers.

Accompanying the admiral were five hundred English colonists but only two English gentlemen: one of them was Captain Christopher Newport; the other, Sir Thomas Gates, who was to become Governor of Virginia, relieving the famous Captain John Smith.

For several weeks the little fleet kept together

crossing the Atlantic, but on July 25, 1609, a terrific storm scattered the ships. When the sea had calmed down, the flagship found herself alone and sinking.

All hands manned the pumps, but the more they pumped the higher rose the water in the hold until eventually the barrels of ship's biscuits burst and the pumps clogged up with dough. Fed up with his fruitless exertions, Admiral Somers exclaimed, "Let's have a drink!" a suggestion that met with unanimous approval. Accordingly a bottle of wine was opened, and while the three English gentlemen were drinking to one another's health and to their meeting in a better world, the ship struck a rock and Admiral Somers remarked, "We've arrived!"

Being curious to know where they had arrived, they consulted their chart and discovered that their destination was marked very clearly "Inhabited by devils!" They were not surprised. To quote from the ancient records of this memorable shipwreck: "Through God's providence, the *Sea Venture* fell between two rocks that caused her to stand firm and not immediately to be broken. God continuing his

mercy unto them, they succeeded with their long boats in transporting to land before night, all their company, men, women and children to the number of one hundred and fifty; they also carried to shore all the unused and unspoiled food, all the furniture and tacking of the ship, leaving nothing but bared ribs as a prey to the ocean."

Among these shipwrecked people was John Rolfe, a married man who never dreamed that as the future husband of Princess Pocahontas he was to become the illustrious ancestor of Virginia's bluest-blooded aristocrats. All Rolfe thought about was how to get a drink, a thought that occurred simultaneously to all the others, and they promptly started searching for water.

As soon as the weather cleared, they found themselves surrounded by innumerable little islands covered with Cedar trees, and fringed here and there by lovely soft sands, some of them pink as a rose.

Bright red birds and exquisite blue birds, such as they had never seen before, greeted them on shore; flying overhead were graceful white birds with long

white tails, that constantly changed color—red, white and blue—as they flew over the different patches of colored water. Red fish, white fish and blue fish swarmed the waters, but except for marveling at the beauty of their surroundings, all the shipwrecked English desired was drinking water. The day was hot as they searched everywhere for some river, but not even a spring could be found.

Here was a paradise apparently devoid of water, but they little dreamed that the absence of water from Bermuda would one day be the reason for great prosperity!

Suddenly there was a cry of "Turkle!" Sure enough they found hundreds of enormous turtles basking on the shore, resting after depositing about five hundred delicious fresh eggs apiece.

Again quoting from the records: "Turkles there be of mighty bigness; one Turkle will serve sixty or seventy people at a meal, especially if it be a she Turkle!" Even today in the village of Weston, Connecticut, where I live, a turtle is a "turkle."

The discovery of the turtles immediately started a search for their eggs, and before long the sandy beach

was covered with large holes from which the eggs had been recovered and found to be an excellent substitute, at least temporarily, for drinking water. Everyone, including the three English gentlemen, started sucking eggs and while so engaged they were startled to hear the cry "Water!"

The holes on the beach had slowly filled with water, but it was with a dread in his heart that Sir George dipped in his finger to taste it. "It's fresh!" he shouted with joy, "bring me a cup." Having already sucked about forty turtle's eggs, it may be imagined with what eagerness the admiral dipped up his first cup of water. It can also be imagined how disgusted and astonished he was to find that the water, which he had tasted and found fresh, had suddenly become salt, but such was the fact.

Bermuda hasn't changed much since 1609, and even today, if you dig a well and place in it a couple of pumps, you can pump fresh water from one and salt water from the other at the same time, a phenomenon that was not capitalised until about two years ago when one of Bermuda's old-timers, Hon. H. W. Watlington, discovered a method of separat-

ing the salt from the fresh, and for his discovery was knighted by His Majesty, King George the Fifth!

Those of my readers who have studied such matters will know that salt water is heavier than fresh water, so that when a well is dug in Bermuda, salt water seeps in at the bottom of the well while fresh rain water trickles in at the top, and there the two layers of water remain—if you don't mix them, they don't mix!

Unfortunately, Sir George Somers was too eager for that drink, but—being a man of unusual intelligence for an English gentleman!—he tried another hole and succeeded in skimming off enough fresh water to quench his thirst.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the delighted Admiral. "And now for some good old sow belly!" A fire was lighted, one of the pigs they had brought with them from England was slaughtered and the whole company settled down to a royal feast of pork and scrambled turtle's eggs.

Meanwhile the rest of the shipwrecked porkers were having the time of their lives rooting up eggs

and feasting on berries and juicy prickly pears that were just in their prime. It was a typical Bermuda summer's night, sea like glass, a gentle breeze that fanned the cheeks like velvet, tiny waves rippling over smooth sand in which there wasn't one grain of silica to scratch the skin; no wonder romance filled the hearts of those colonists. In twos and threes the Bermudians wandered along the shore while others scrambled over the coral rocks searching for adventure.

We who are accustomed to the luxury of modern ocean travel cannot possibly appreciate the terrible hardship that a transatlantic voyage meant in the days of King James the First.

The *Sea Venture* had been a vessel of three hundred tons, almost twice the size of the *Mayflower,* but what a voyage those 150 people must have had! Then came the sudden terror of a hurricane with death staring them in the face, yet within a few hours they were feasting on roast pork and making love in the moonlight!

No wonder they had no desire to reach Jamestown where they knew only too well that danger and

disease awaited them. Why not stay here in Bermuda for the rest of their lives?

The thought of such a delightful existence was too much for one of the younger men of the party who gave vent to his feelings by a loud "Whoopee!" The result of that cry must have amazed the lad; in fact, he was almost knocked over with a feather because suddenly several birds as large as pigeons settled on his shoulders!

The girl who was with him gave a scream of surprise which resulted in half a dozen more birds appearing out of the darkness and settling on her too! Their shouts brought the whole party to investigate and in a few moments there were birds on every person. The more they shouted the thicker became the swarm of birds; but let me quote the actual records:

"Unto Elias the ravens brought meat; so did God provide for our disconsolate people in the midst of the sea with fowls, but with an admirable difference! Unto Elias the ravens brought meat, but unto our men the birds brought themselves for us to eat, for when we whistled or whooped, the birds would

come and sit on the men's shoulders; they even allowed themselves to be caught and weighed by our men who chose the fat ones and released the thin!"

These birds were undoubtedly the "Cahow birds" mentioned by Shakespeare but unfortunately, like the passenger pigeons of America, they were caught in such large numbers and eaten that they are now extinct.

So numerous were their eggs that Sir Thomas Gates's men were able to collect them at a rate of a thousand an hour!

That night the shipwrecked people slept under the stars, and loved it. So did the shipwrecked pigs, with one difference—they not only found plenty of lovers to keep them company, but they came home in the morning attended by several enormous wild boars!

It was very evident that, instead of Bermuda being inhabited by devils, the islands were swarming with wild pigs, so that pig hunting quickly became a popular pastime, as many as fifty pigs a week being killed.

No one apparently had thought of bringing a boar with him from England, so it was decided to capture one alive. Accordingly, instead of allowing the tame pigs to wander off into the woods to keep their dates, the animals were placed in a pigsty and one of the Bermudians selected to chaperon them!

The moon was shining and romance was in the air when one of the local porcine Don Juans stealthily entered the boudoir of the sleeping pigs. Let the records tell the rest of the story:

"When the Boare being come and grovelled by the Sowes, the man put out his hand and rubbed the side gently of the Boare, which then lay still by which means he fastened a rope with a sliding knot to the hind leg and so took him and after him in this sort two or three more!"

The presence of so many wild pigs was evidence that Sir George Somers and his party were not the first people to visit the islands. In all probability, the animals were the descendants of some pigs that had been purposely marooned there by the Spanish adventurer, Juan Bermudez, who is known to have visited Bermuda in 1515.

Assured of an abundant food supply, and enchanted by the beauty and delightful climate of the islands, the shipwrecked Bermudians set to work to build houses and found a colony of their own. Virginia and Jamestown were forgotten, except by the Admiral and Sir Thomas Gates who, with the greatest tact, reminded the people that in all probability the British government was wondering what had become of them. Unfortunately and much to the embarrassment of Sir Thomas Gates, there were some individualists among his little company who argued that the shipwreck had dissolved the authority of the governor. Several mutinies occurred and one of the mutineers, a man named Paine, had the temerity to tell the Governor to kiss a certain portion of his anatomy. This so enraged Gates that he ordered the man in question to be hanged, but as a concession to the mutineer, who said he was a "gentleman," the hanging was commuted to shooting!

Further trouble arose when several of the people, noted for their religious zeal, were suspected of being Puritans and as such were anathema in the

eyes of all decent members of the Church of England.

Those were, indeed, the days of class distinction, and it is amusing to note that New Englanders who trace their ancestry back to the *Mayflower,* are descendants of "low-class" nonconformists, whereas Virginians may truly claim to be descended from "high-class" members of the Church of England and Scotland!

The shooting of Mr. Paine, who had so unwisely invited the Governor to kiss him, struck terror into the rest of the people; they immediately fled into the woods and spent their time petitioning the Governor to allow them to spend the rest of their lives in Bermuda; but nothing could move Sir Thomas Gates, who finally succeeded in convincing them of their duty to King and Country.

By this time the shipwrecked people had divided into two groups living on different islands. The seamen of the party remained with the Admiral, while the landlubbers preferred the company of Sir Thomas Gates. Urged on by their leaders, both parties worked hard building a couple of ships.

Sir Thomas Gates, being the Governor, chose to build the largest vessel, naming her the *Deliverance.* As would be expected, most of the material available from the wreck of the old *Sea Venture,* especially nails and bolts, were commandeered for the *Deliverance,* a ship of eighty tons. The Admiral and his old salts managed to secure only one iron bolt for their ship, but succeeded in building a ship of thirty tons register, which they appropriately named the *Patience.*

Bermudian economy probably dates from this time: so scarce were ropes that the masts of the little vessels were purposely given a decided slope towards the stern, since with such sloping masts only half the number of ropes were required.

This practice of the sloping masts with a minimum of ropes is still a feature of a Bermudian-rigged sailboat.

Shipbuilding is at best a tedious job and it took them nine months to finish the two boats, during which time there were three mutinies, one execution, one murder, five deaths from natural causes, one marriage and two births!

One of the babies was a boy who was christened Bermudez; the other was a girl, named Bermuda, who was the daughter of John Rolfe and died in infancy.

The launching of the *Deliverance* and the *Patience* was an occasion of distinctly mixed feelings. Only two men refused to proceed to Virginia. They were left behind, monarchs of all they surveyed; their names were Christopher Carter and Edward Waters.

With the knowledge of famine ahead of them, the Bermudians, having loaded their vessels with a full cargo of pigs, set sail for Virginia on May 10, 1610. Before they were out of sight of land, the *Deliverance* struck a rock, but being a true Bermuda-built vessel, instead of sinking, she ruined the rock!

Chapter Two

Shakespeare Starts a Real Estate Boom

To appreciate more clearly the close connection between Bermuda and Virginia it is necessary to tell the story of Jamestown; so while the *Deliverance* and the *Patience* are sailing to Virginia, let me transport you in imagination back to England.

It is New Year's Day, 1607, and a fleet of three ships under the command of the same Captain Christopher Newport, has just set sail from London.

Besides their crews, the ships carried 105 colonists and a sealed box which contained the names of those who had been selected to govern the proposed new colony of Virginia; I say "proposed" because hitherto every attempt at founding a settlement had failed

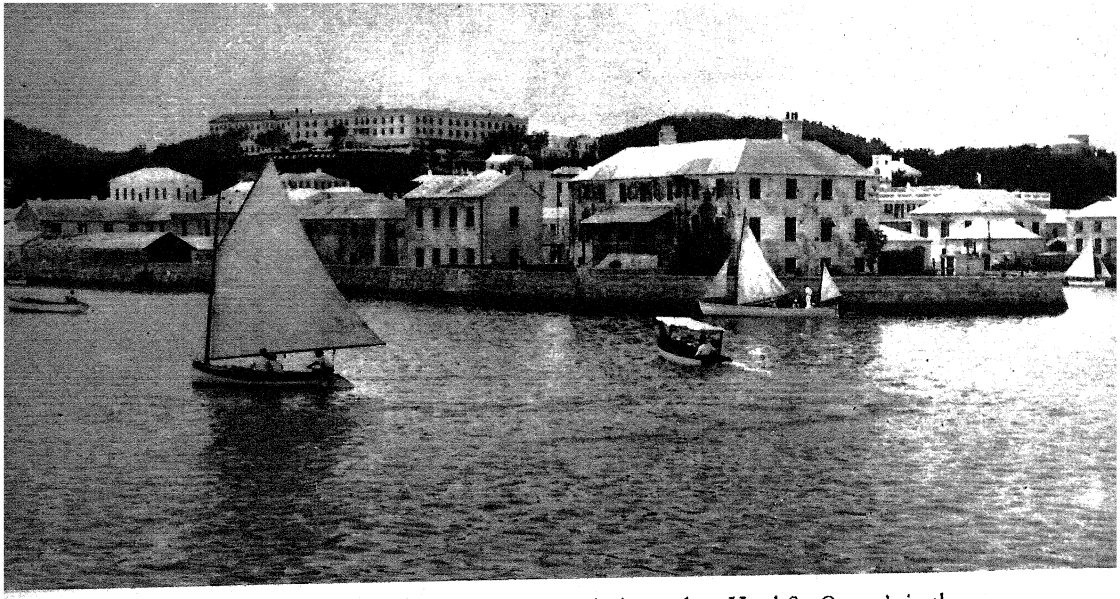
and the country was merely a name, "Virginia," so called in honor of Queen Elizabeth the "Virgin Queen."

By order of the London Company, the mysterious sealed box was not to be opened until Virginia was actually reached, so that no one was more surprised than Captain John Smith (who arrived in Virginia in chains as a result of some trouble on board ship) when it was found that he had been named as one of Virginia's governors.

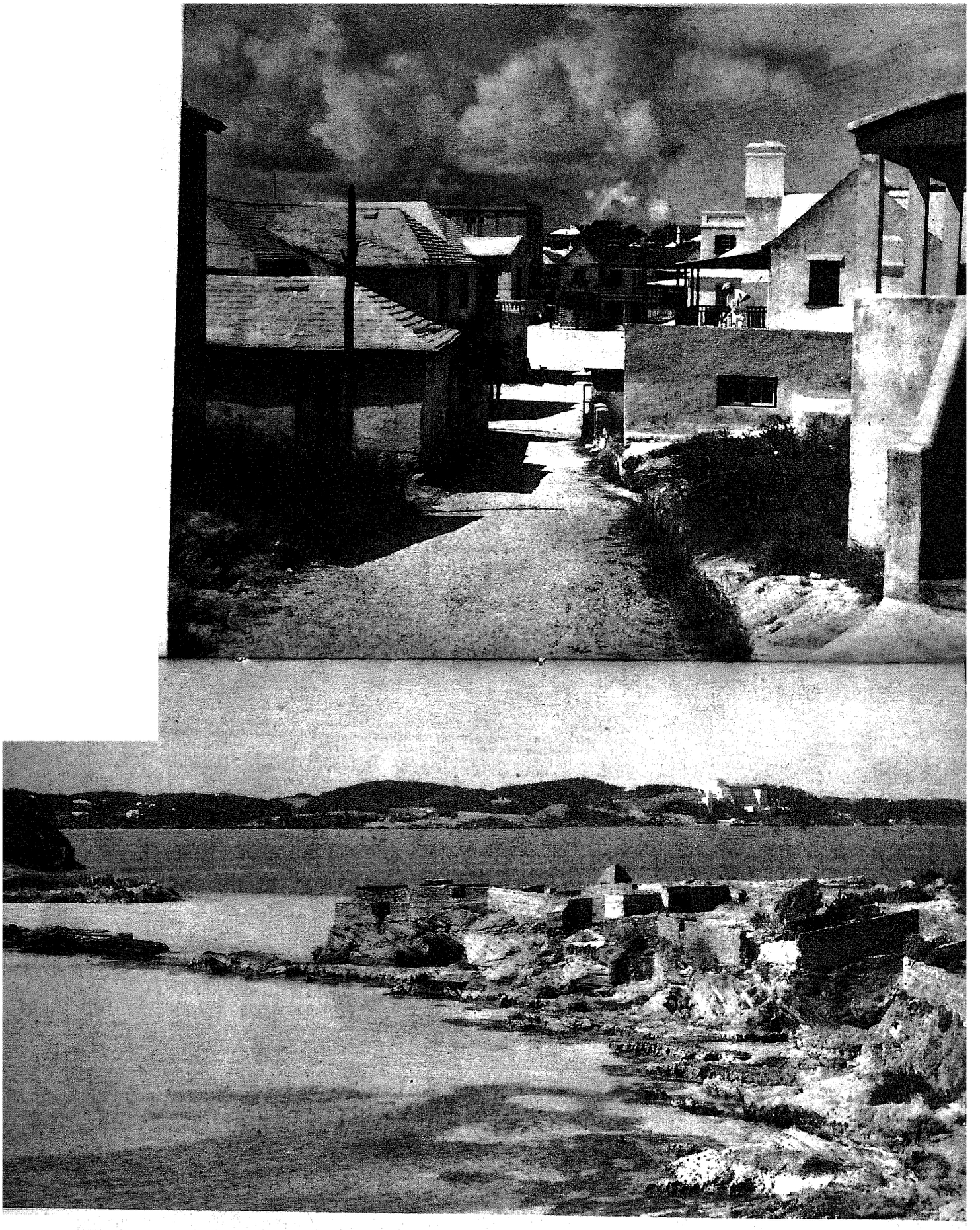
Captain Newport, having landed on the banks of the James River and completed a fort, sailed back to England to report that the first permanent English settlement in North America was an accomplished fact.

Never suspecting that they had come to steal their country from them, the Indians received the colonists with friendship, regarding them as temporary visitors.

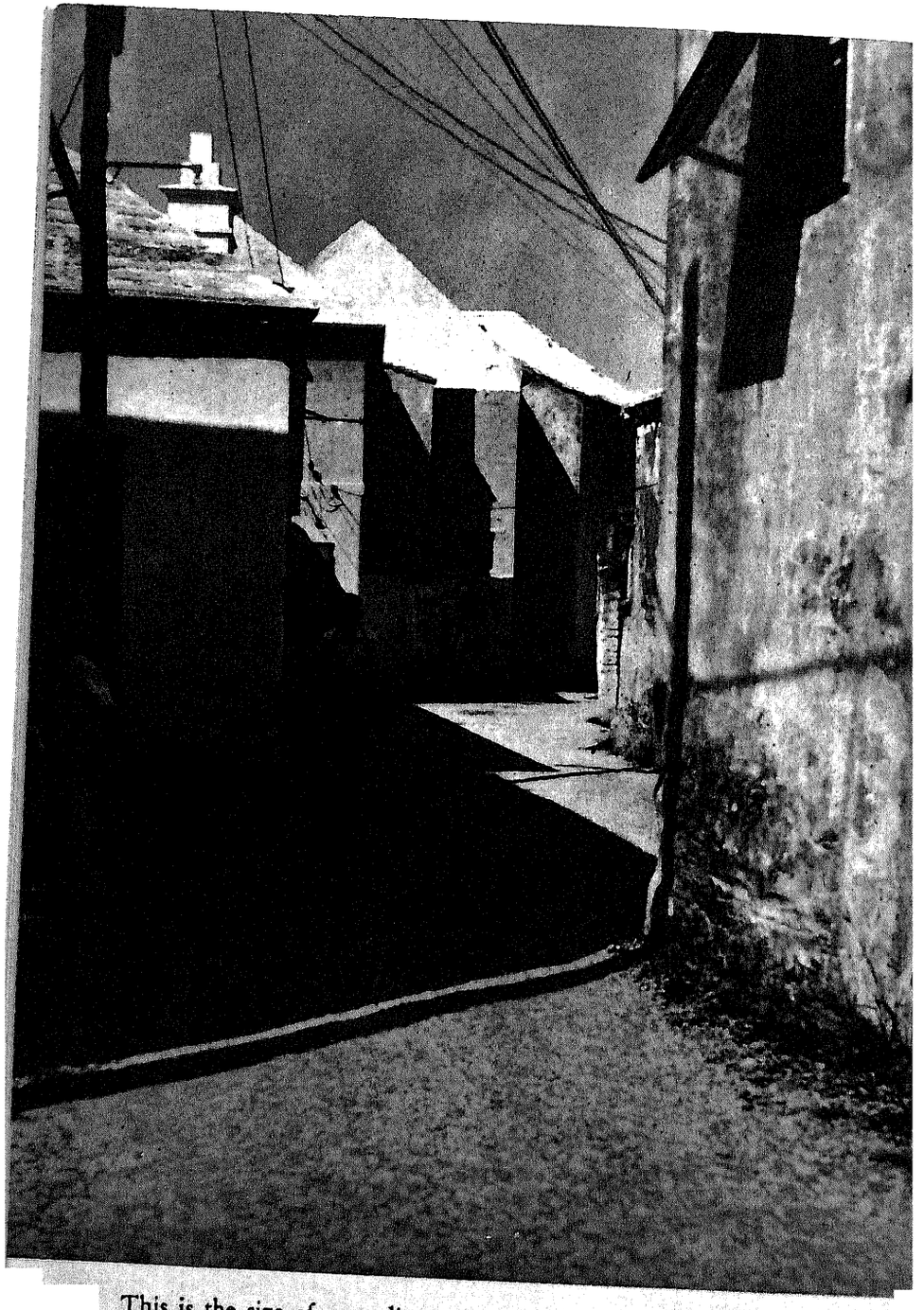
It was during the absence of Captain Newport that Captain John Smith, who was a very handsome man with an established reputation for romance, attracted the attention of Princess Pocahontas.



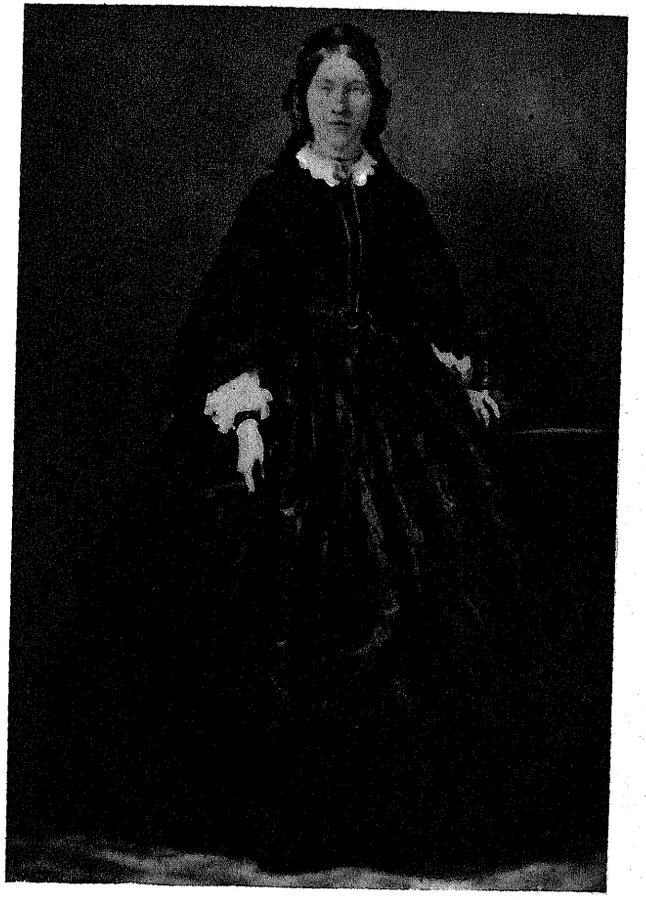
Here is the ancient town of St. George's with the modern Hotel St. George's in the background. The harbour of St. George's was one of the busiest places in the world during the American Civil War.



Here are some of the ancient forts that were constructed by Bermuda's first Governor, Richard More, in 1612. In the background is the palatial Castle Harbour Hotel. Between the hotel and the forts is Castle Harbour, containing wonderful marine gardens.



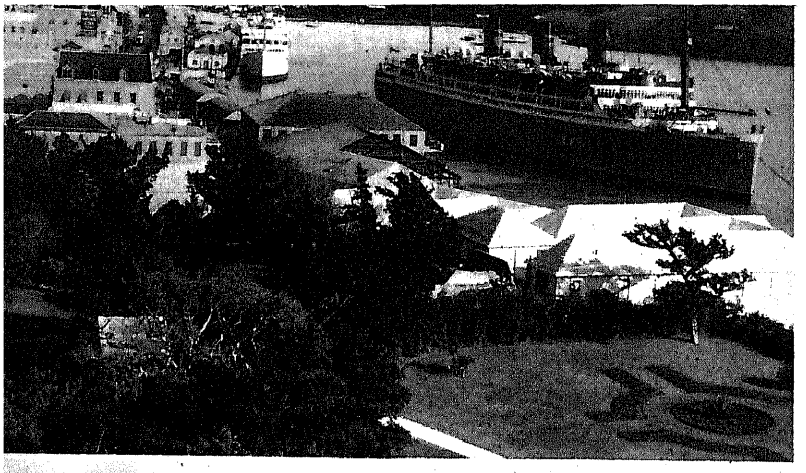
This is the size of an ordinary crowd in one of St. George's busy thoroughfares.



Nattie.

Great quantities of Bermuda Easter Lily bulbs and buds are shipped to many parts of the world.

Old Somerset Church was attended by "Nattie" and Grant Wells.



Hamilton Har
from the terrac
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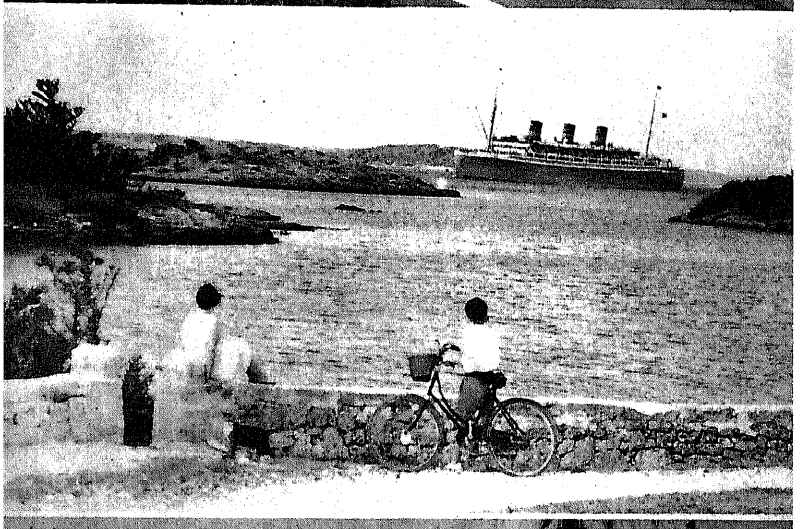
Hotel.



Entering Ham
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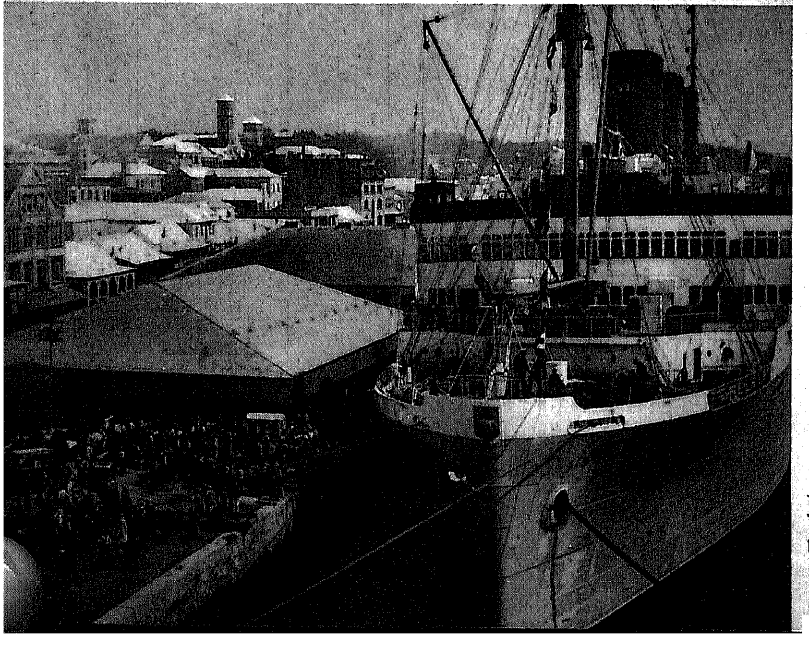
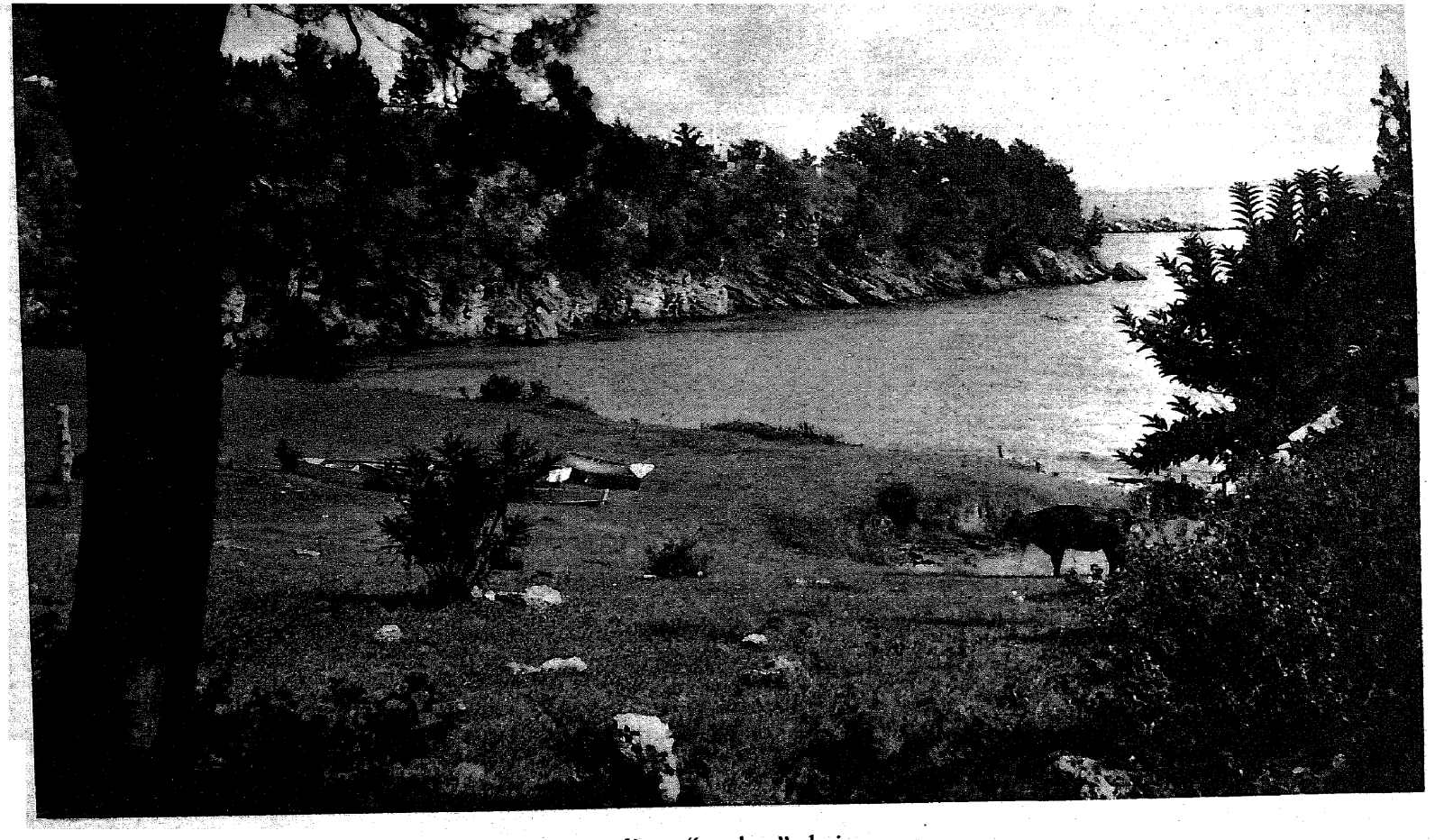
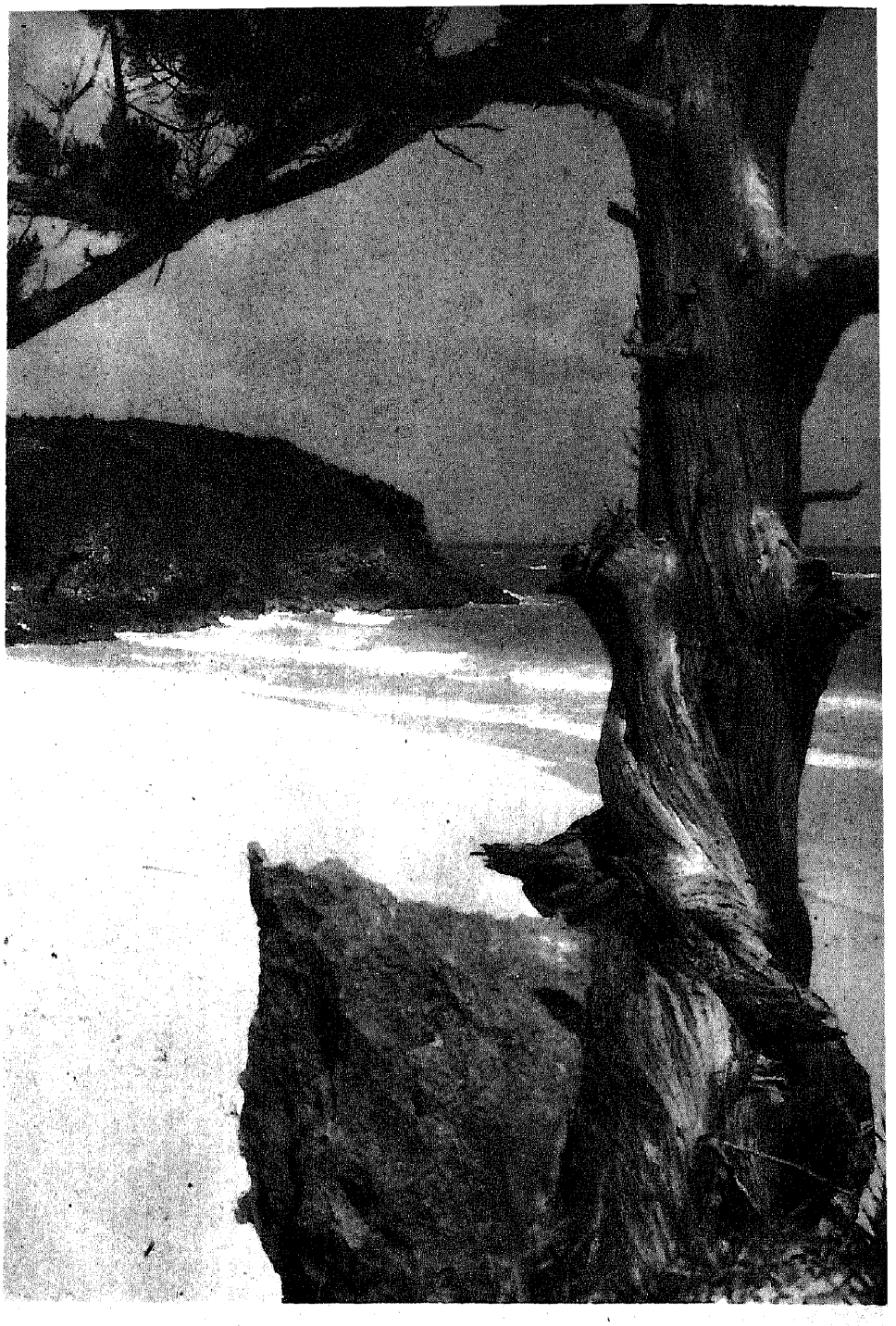


Hamilton ties
the "Queen of
muda."

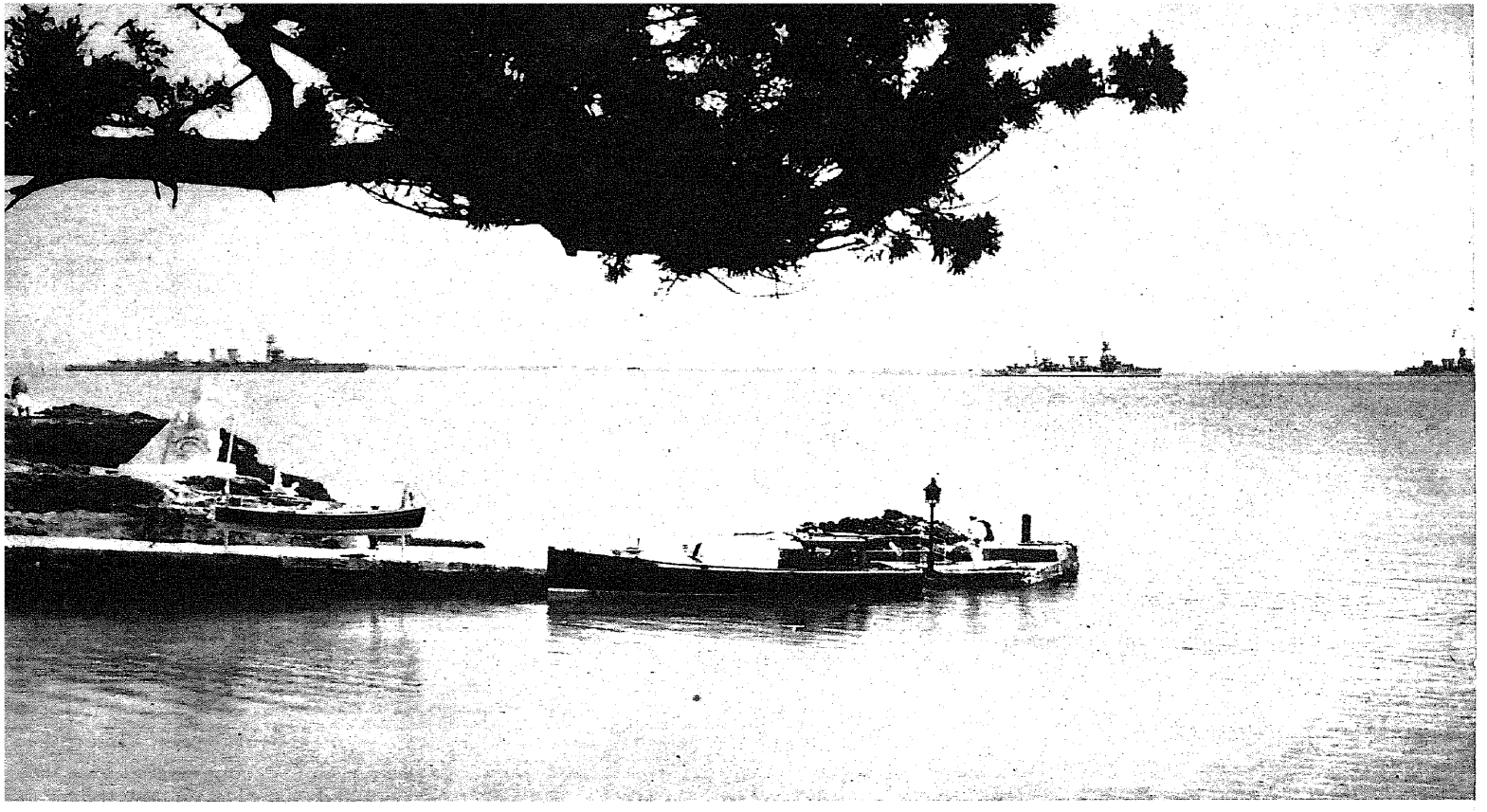


Bermudians "anchor" their cows.

Sir Thomas Lipton would probably have won the cup if he had



Here is a typical Bermuda beach of pink coral sand. The Bermuda cedar, in the foreground, struggles for existence.

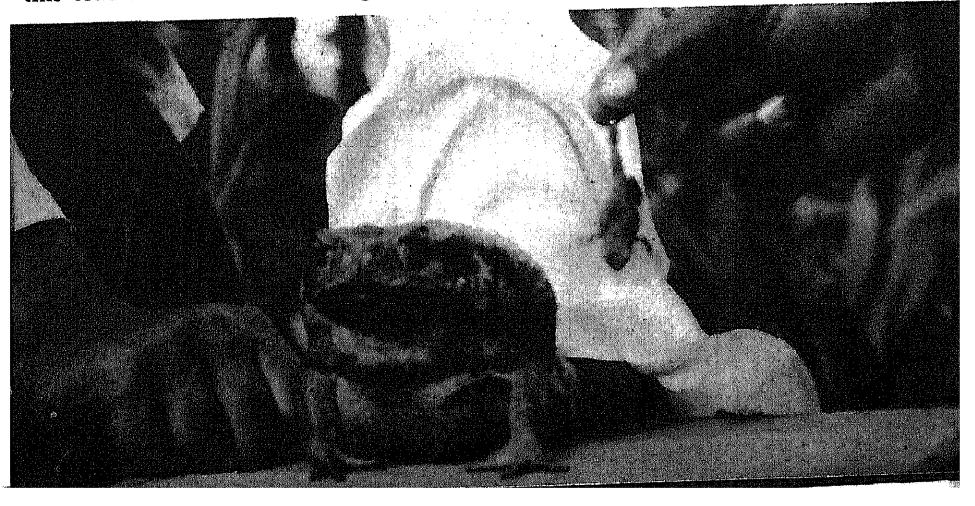


The Admiral of Bermuda has a private harbour that is guarded by an ancient figurehead of Neptune. Bermuda is, of course, an important naval station in the British Empire.

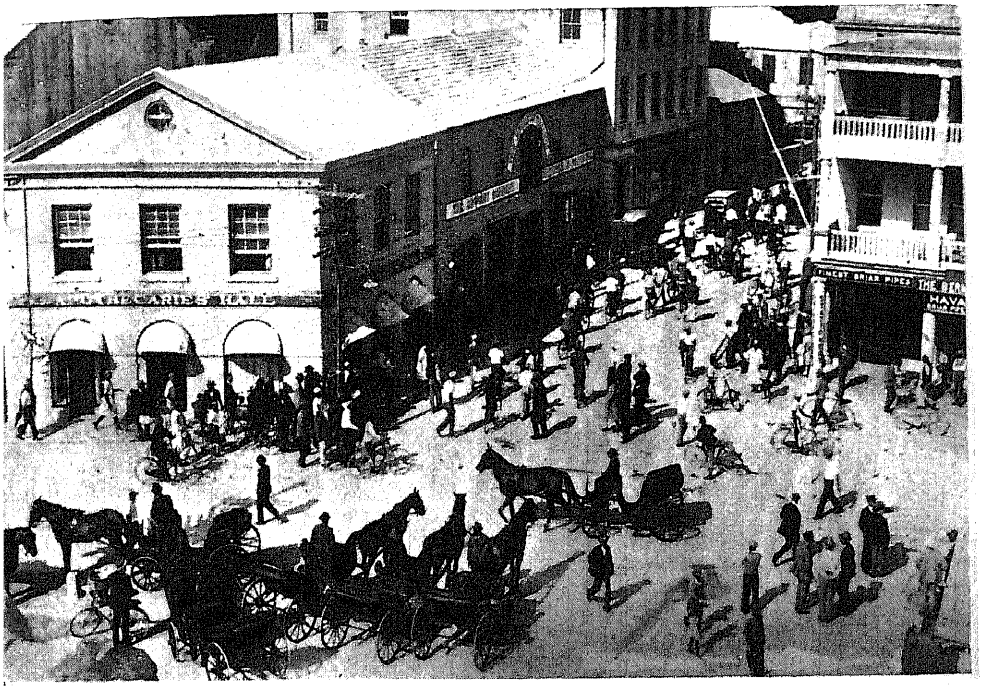
One of the most comical friendships in Bermuda is that between the giant Galapagos tortoise and a monkey. These interesting animals are to be seen at the Government Aquarium.

The only animal that is indigenous to Bermuda is this little lizard known as the skink.

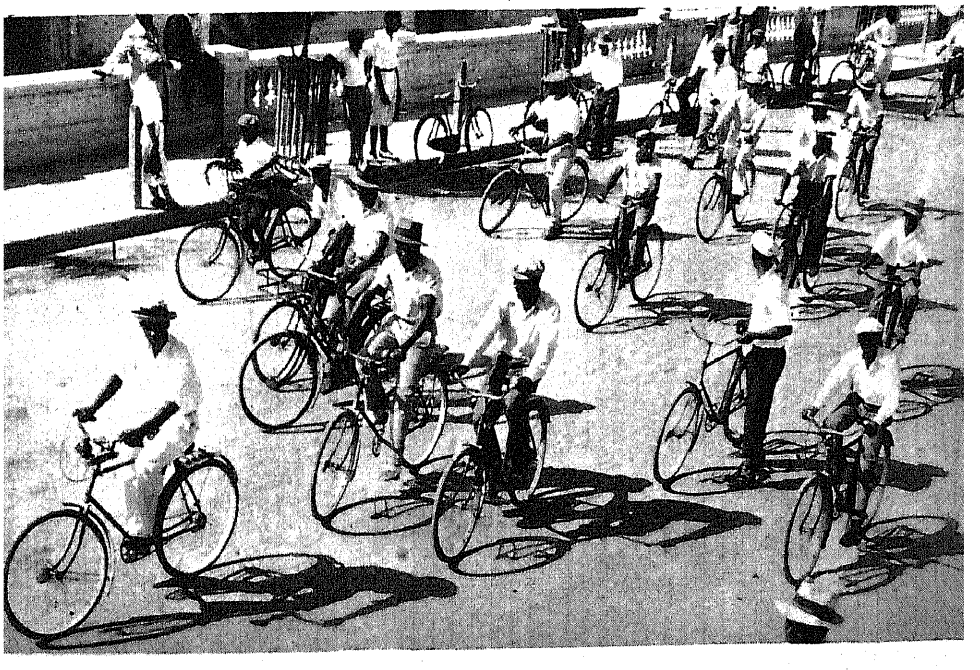
No one knows who introduced Bermuda's huge toads and tiny whistling frogs. When this toad noticed the little frog, he immediately puffed himself up with importance.



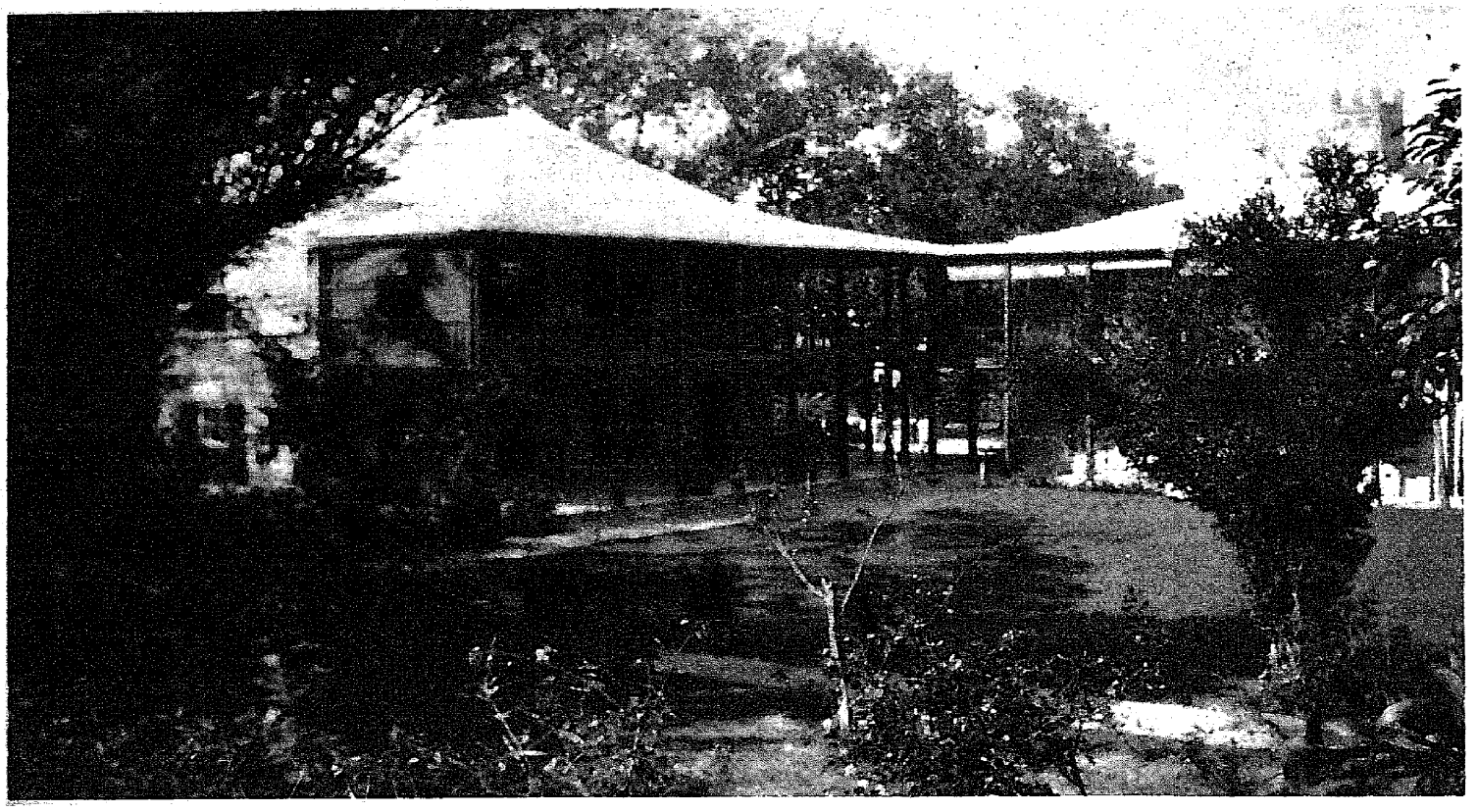
The end of Hamilton Harbour makes a perfect haven for small boats.



This is Bermuda's Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue.



All Bermuda bicycles carry license plates. They are probably the most completely equipped bicycles in the world, as the Bermudians love to cover them with all kinds of gadgets.



The architecture of Bermuda's public library is typical of the Islands.

That she should have attracted anybody's attention is not surprising since, before she was twelve years old, she used to amuse herself by appearing naked and turning somersaults in the market place of Jamestown!

There was nothing wrong in this display of acrobatics; it was merely a demonstration of her independence.

It was lucky not only for John Smith that Pocahontas liked the looks of him, but even luckier for the other colonists. She saved his life and the lives of the other colonists by persuading her powerful father to trade with the white people and thus save them from starvation. Had it not been for the friendship between the romantic captain and the Indian maiden, it is doubtful whether the little settlement of Jamestown could possibly have survived, since this accidental friendship resulted in what for all practical purposes was an alliance between the colonists and the most powerful tribe in that part of the country.

Captain Newport made several voyages between England and Jamestown, each time hoping to return

with a cargo of pearls and gold nuggets but never doing better than lumber and a crate of Virginia turkeys, which were the first ever seen in England.

Unfortunately, with each arrival of Captain Newport, the population of Jamestown, already on short rations, was increased; and to add to their troubles, the colonists, who had never heard of communism, started living on a communistic [1] basis: it was agreed that whatever a man could get by his own toil or by trade with the Indians went into the common stock "for the greater good of the greater number of people!" They soon discovered their mistake because it wasn't long before "the skilful and industrious fared no better than the stupid and the lazy," with the result that about thirty hard-working people in Jamestown found themselves supporting the other two hundred! A dictatorship became inevitable, and so it was that, as long ago as 1608, Captain John Smith called the colonists together and told them that this theory of a more even distribution of the wealth of other people might be admirable in theory

[1] See *Old Virginia and Her Neighbors,* by John Fiske. Index: "Communism."

but in practice it was "the bunk"—it was reducing the colony to starvation; it had to stop and that he was going to stop it. He did!

All the local long-haired agitators who spent their time discussing schemes for rebuilding the universe, while other people worked, were promptly compelled to work or starve. Houses were rebuilt, wells were dug, pigs were bred, chickens were hatched out by the hundreds and a new fortress was constructed. Then came the rats! and before long these unbidden guests had wrought more havoc with Jamestown than the communists.

It was at this stage of Jamestown's history that Sir George Somers' fleet of nine ships left England for Virginia, the *Sea Venture* being wrecked on Bermuda together with Captain Newport and Sir Thomas Gates, who was to have become Virginia's governor.

The London Company, of course, had no idea that there had been any shipwreck or that their carefully selected "gentlemen" were taking an unexpected vacation on Bermuda.

The sudden arrival of the balance of Sir George

Somers' fleet of colonists, all of whom had to be fed, only added to the difficulties of Captain John Smith, especially when he found that the newcomers were a lot of wasters to whom the ideas of communism were most attractive.

The original colonists had been mostly gentlemen of character but, according to Captain John Smith, "the newcomers are unruly gallants packed to Jamestown by their friends to escape ill destinies."

In fact, John Smith was so disgusted that he sailed up the James River to seek a better settlement and purchased the land upon which Richmond now stands. On his way back to Jamestown, a bag of gunpowder exploded and so injured the gallant captain that he set sail for England to secure proper medical attention and report to the company that Jamestown had become a nest of communists!

Left to themselves, the people of Jamestown were free to practice what they preached and there was a general distribution of wealth! The "unruly gallants" started by eating all the pigs and chickens. So obnoxious did they make themselves to the Indians that Pocahontas no longer visited Jamestown

and her people refused to supply them with corn. Famine stalked the little settlement. People died like flies and the houses of the dead were immediately torn down to provide fuel for the living. Horses, dogs, cats and even rats were eaten until the supply ran out, and then the people started eating dead Indians and finally eating one another.

Yet in the midst of all this suffering, there was one man who was the life and soul of the town. Chubby and good-tempered, he spent much of his time encouraging his starving companions until it suddenly occurred to them that there was something unnatural about his unconquerable gaiety, and a watch was placed upon him.

One morning he was observed enjoying a hearty breakfast of fried pork, preparatory to making his rounds dispensing good cheer; in fact, he was seen to take a second helping, which was more than his watchers could stand. They burst in upon him and discovered that his wife was missing. He had killed her and salted her down in a barrel, from which he helped himself to three square meals a day.

He was hanged!

When Captain John Smith sailed for England, the population of Jamestown numbered about five hundred, but by the time Sir George Somers arrived from Bermuda in the *Patience,* the little colony was reduced to sixty men, women and children who could scarcely stagger around the village.

What a change from Bermuda! At a meeting of Somers, Newport and Gates it was decided to abandon Jamestown and give up all hope of colonizing Virginia. Jamestown was dismantled and on June 7, 1610, the people boarded the *Deliverance* and the *Patience* and set sail for England. Suddenly they saw three ships sailing up the James River. It was the well-stocked fleet of Lord Delaware who, having been advised by Captain John Smith that all was not well with Jamestown, had decided to save Virginia himself.

So once again the vessels landed at Jamestown and recolonized Virginia.

Princess Pocahontas still avoided Jamestown, and having been informed that her beloved Captain John Smith was dead, she is said to have married one of her own tribe at the age of fifteen.

Meanwhile her father waged incessant war on the white men until matters became so serious that it was decided to force him into peace by kidnapping his favorite daughter.

By means of a trick, the Indian maiden was induced to visit one of the English ships which immediately set sail and landed her in Jamestown where she spent much of her time weeping at an empty grave which was supposed to hold the body of John Smith, who, by the way, was then writing his memoirs in London!

One day, while mourning at the grave, she was surprised by John Rolfe, who was also strolling about disconsolately, having just lost his wife. Their mutual grief was the original bond between them, and in the process of consoling each other they fell in love and were married; but not before Pocahontas had openly renounced idolatry and confessed the faith of Jesus Christ and been baptized "Rebecca." With the arrival of Lord Delaware and his new company of colonists, in addition to Sir George Somers' company of Bermudians, it might have been expected that the fortunes of Jamestown would have

been more promising but the ugly menace of communism again appeared.

By a strange coincidence, while Captain John Smith had been doing his best to stamp out communism in Jamestown, the London Company headed by Lord Delaware succeeded in attracting five hundred of London's unemployed and unemployables by offering them "something for nothing."

In return for becoming an emigrant, each man was to become a shareholder in the company and the profits were to be reinvested in the company and any surplus divided equally between the colonists. Not only this, but for seven years the settlers were to be maintained at the expense of the company and "the product of all their labour was to be cast into the common stock for the benefit of all!"

Needless to say, there was a rush for Virginia similar to the recent rush to California when Upton Sinclair announced his new Utopia, and Jamestown found herself in danger of another starvation period.

To prevent such a calamity, Sir George Somers

volunteered to return to Bermuda and bring back a cargo of pigs, so off the gallant old Admiral sailed. The journey was stormy and dangerous, but finally he reached his beloved Bermuda and was so overjoyed that he gave a banquet of roast pork—and died of indigestion!

The story of Bermuda really commences with the death of Sir George. It so happened that he had with him the heir to his property in England, who was most anxious to take his body back to England in order to prove that he was dead; but the Admiral didn't want to go, so a compromise was agreed upon by which the Admiral's heart should be buried in Bermuda and the rest of him taken to England. Upon the marble monument which marked the spot where his heart was buried, the following inscription was placed:

In the year 1611

Noble Sir George Somers went hence to
Heaven
Whose noble well-tried worth that held
him still employed,

Gave him the knowledge of the world so
wide
Hence, 'twas by Heaven's desire that to this
place,
He brought new guests and name to mutual
grace.
At last his soul and body being to part,
He here bequeathed his entrails and his
heart.

Having disposed of his heart, the next problem was to smuggle his body on board ship without the sailors knowing anything about it, otherwise their superstitious nature might have prevented their carrying a corpse to England. Captain Mathew Somers, the nephew, hit on the bright idea of placing the body in a barrel of rum, the presence of which was welcomed by the unsuspecting crew.

During the voyage to England, two of the sailors were in a state of perpetual intoxication, and upon investigation it was found that they were unconsciously tapping the Admiral!

The ship eventually reached Whitchurch, Eng-

land, where, all doubt that the admiral was dead having been dispelled, the heir inherited his property without question.

The return of the *Patience* with her company of shipwrecked Bermudians, was soon the talk of England. Everyone was eager to hear the wonderful stories these men had to tell. No longer was Bermuda notorious for devils; on the contrary, "the Fair Bermoothes" became famous overnight as a paradise of perpetual summertime.

No longer did people want to settle in Virginia and starve to death when there was a fair land so blessed that there was nothing to do but settle down and live and love. No wonder a new charter was granted by the king, by which Bermuda became a part of Virginia.

So great was the interest in Bermuda that a real estate company was formed to divide Bermuda up into lots, and to advertise the company, William Shakespeare wrote *The Tempest!*

No sooner did Shakespeare's book come out than there was a mad scramble for lots. Money poured into the coffers of the company and within a few

weeks a ship was outfitted, a Governor appointed and, with sixty souls aboard, the vessel set sail for Bermuda.

Meanwhile Bermuda had been in the sole occupancy of three men, Carter and Chard, who had refused to accompany Sir George to Virginia and Waters who likewise refused to return to England with the *Patience.*

Everything had gone well with these three men until one day they found a large block of Ambergris that weighed over eighty pounds.

Knowing the enormous value of their find, they divided it into three parts and suddenly became rich men. Instead of living together in peace, they now separated and set up individual establishments, each regarding himself as a gentleman of wealth. They probably started thinking about their ancestors and family trees, discussions concerning which led to quarrels and finally to a duel between Chard and Waters.

Carter, however, being possessed of a sense of humor, hid their weapons and the duel resolved itself into a contest of sulkiness.

After two years of wealth with no place to go, they decided to build a boat and set sail with their ambergris to England, but just as they were on the point of sailing, a vessel arrived with the new Governor on board.

With a view to building a capital of Bermuda, the London Company had chosen a carpenter for Governor. His name was Richard More.

Chapter Three

Wrecking Becomes a Bermudian Institution

News of the finding of ambergris had evidently reached the ears of Governor More. He summoned Chard before him and ordered him to hand over his precious wealth, but the wily Chard professed absolute ignorance of such a find. Upon leaving the governor's presence, Chard entered into a conspiracy with a ship's captain named Edwin Kendall to sail away with the ambergris and divide the proceeds in England. Someone let the cat out of the bag and Chard was sentenced to be hanged, but was reprieved as he mounted the steps of the scaffold.

Knowing well that the London Company was particularly interested in such a valuable commodity

as ambergris, the governor was clever enough to send home a small piece. Upon receiving it, the company immediately despatched another vessel with orders to look for more, so once again More sent home another small piece. By this means he was able to get his mail quite regularly from England! So far as he was concerned, Governor More was far more interested in carpentry than in ambergris, so he set to work to lay out the town of St. George's, just as it is today.

By arranging that the principal streets should converge to a central market place and by placing a cannon at the end of each street, any meeting of agitators could easily be controlled!

One of his first acts was to build St. Peter's Church which thus became the first Anglo-Saxon church in the Western hemisphere.

Although built of native Bermuda cedar, the church was blown down by a hurricane and replaced by one built of Palmetto leaves, which, being elastic, withstood a gale far better than solid wood.

To safeguard the town from attacks by sea, Governor More built a series of forts on the surround-

ing islands, several of which are standing to this day; but although he was good at building churches and forts, More wasn't really fit to be the governor of anything, because he was absolutely honest!

Not long after his arrival, a ship came from England bearing a surveyor whose instructions were to divide Bermuda up into lots. Before commencing his survey work, the surveyor had an interview with the Governor at which he explained how many lots there were to be and who were to get them.

On glancing through the list, Governor More was disgusted to see that none of the colonists had been given a lot, not even the Governor; an oversight so tactless that he packed the surveyor on board his ship and ordered him back to England, where Governor More himself eventually returned in disgust, and so passed out of the Bermuda picture.

The result was that the company appointed another governor whose name was Tucker, Daniel Tucker, and what a governor he turned out to be!

"Survey the island!" exclaimed the Governor. "Why, certainly! Excellent idea, start work immediately."

To appreciate what happened, it is necessary to understand the shape of Bermuda.

Bermuda should more properly be called the Bermuda Islands because there is a group of islands variously estimated from one hundred to three hundred and sixty-five—one for each day of the year, but the shape of the group is like a shepherd's crook, curved at one end.

"Start your surveying from the straight end," ordered the Governor. So the work of dividing Bermuda up into lots commenced from the end now called St. George's, at the very opposite end from Ireland Island, the curly end.

Slowly the work proceeded until the surveyor reached the very middle of the widest part of the islands now known as Hamilton, when suddenly the Governor gave the order to stop work and start the survey from the curly end of the islands.

"Now we are going to get into a fine mess!" complained the surveyor. "What's the fine idea of burning the candle at both ends? What's going to happen when my two surveys meet?"

"Shut your mouth!" thundered the Governor.

Trembling in his boots, the wretched surveyor ceased work at Hamilton and started all over again in Ireland Island, slowly dividing the land into lots until eventually the expected mess occurred.

Every shareholder had been allotted his land long before the survey met, with the result that a large portion of Bermuda remained unallotted.

"I told you that would happen," wailed the surveyor. "Now tell me whose lot is this one?"

"Mine!" replied the crafty Governor, who was not going to be left in the cold like the unfortunate More. He thereupon appropriated for himself the nicest part of Bermuda and immediately proceeded at the expense of the company to build for himself a fine mansion of cedar.

Thus were founded the fortunes of innumerable Tuckers, a name inseparable from Virginia or Bermuda.

At the time of writing this book, the Rector of St. Peter's Church in St. George's, Bermuda, is the Reverend Mr. Tucker, directly descended from Governor Tucker who reached Bermuda in 1616; while the Rector of St. Paul's Church in Richmond, Vir-

ginia, is also the Reverend Mr. Tucker, of ancient lineage.

I happened to ask the Bermudian Tucker if he was related to the Tucker of Virginia, and he replied:

"Certainly not; he is related to me!"

Governor Tucker was a stern man and soon made himself unpopular by proceeding to hang the Bermudians on the slightest provocation. Tucker was an old resident of Virginia where he had made quite a reputation for himself as a fisherman; in fact, he was given to telling such amazing fish stories that five of the Bermudians, who were particularly fed up with his hangings, thought out a scheme by which they could capitalize the governor's love of fishing to escape from his tyranny. Selecting a day when the Governor was in an unusually pleasant frame of mind telling fish stories, they asked to be granted the honor of building a fishing boat for His Excellency, as a token of their high esteem.

Flattered by their request, the Governor not only granted it with enthusiasm but also gave them carte blanche to use whatever supplies they needed and

a beach where they could work without interference or distraction.

Some weeks later, upon the arrival of one of the company's ships from England, the Governor thought it would make a good impression if he were to give his boat her maiden voyage by sailing out to meet the ship. When he reached the beach where his boat had been built, she had disappeared. In her place was a letter informing the Governor that his five admirers were on their way to England or to Davy Jones's locker, either place being preferable to the company of such a villain!

What the Governor said is unprintable, but from that time on his rule was sterner than ever.

Incidentally, the little fishing boat was of only two tons register, yet those five men succeeded in crossing the Atlantic and arriving in Ireland after forty-two days.

Their arrival caused so much excitement that the Earl of Thomond gave them a banquet and caused their little boat to be hung over his mantelpiece as a souvenir!

The five men then proceeded to London where

they complained to the company of the conduct of the hanging Governor, but were merely told to forget it!

Saunders, the leader of the men, happened to attend an auction where he bought an old sea chest for a few pence, but finding it locked and having no key, he carried the locked chest about with him for several years before he could muster up enough energy to break it open, when to his delight he found it contained over a thousand pounds in gold.

With true Bermudian foresight, Saunders immediately purchased an estate in England and settled down to become a country gentleman and the ancestor of many present-day Saunders "blue-bloods."

In connection with the incident there is a good illustration of Bermudian conservatism. It appears that when these men had completed the building of their boat, they needed a compass, so they "borrowed" a compass from the Presbyterian minister who had been preaching a great deal on the subject of patience and assuring his congregation that even if the Governor never paid their wages they could look to God for ultimate compensation.

When the minister discovered the loss of his compass, he found a note reminding him of his excellent sermons on patience and suggesting that he could look to God for ultimate compensation.

This matter of getting a compass from the minister over three hundred years ago becomes significant only when it is realized that, until only five or six years ago, the Presbyterian minister in Hamilton, Bermuda, was a curator and adjuster of ship's compasses. He was the Reverend Dr. Marsh, Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, who filled his house and the garden surrounding it with compasses and telescopes, an unusual instance of a clergyman having much practical knowledge of the heavens.

However, Governor Tucker had virtues that outweighed his notorious harshness. Were it not for his great interest in agriculture, Bermuda might have had a very different history. It was Tucker who imported the first pawpaws, figs, pineapples, bananas, sugar cane and tobacco. About this same time potatoes were introduced, but the Bermudians liked them so much that they ate all their potatoes and the seed potatoes as well. Fortunately, one man,

who was especially economical, saved two potatoes from which sprang one of the most important industries of Bermuda: today, the islanders export their famous potatoes to America by the shipload and import an even greater amount of American potatoes to Bermuda.

At first sight this may sound foolish until you appreciate one of the principal differences between Bermudians and Scotsmen: the Bermudians are much more economical. They cannot afford to eat their own potatoes!

Another venture that didn't do so well was the importation of mulberry trees and a colony of silkworms; unfortunately, the silkworms increased far more rapidly than the mulberry trees so that Bermuda's silk industry was short-lived.

Tucker was a born experimentalist, and it was he who introduced to Bermuda one Indian and one negro slave just to see what would happen.

The result of his experiment can be seen by any visitor to the islands who cares to watch the pilot boat when she joins the steamer at St. George's. The pilot is sure to be a St. David's Islander and a

descendant of Governor Tucker's pair of slaves. Notice the straight black hair, high cheekbones and well-formed nose of the pilot, yet he is neither red nor black. Some years ago one of America's museums made a study of St. David's Islanders, bearing in mind Governor Tucker's experiment, and it was announced that the people were an absolutely pure and distinct race, except for the original mixture. How long the St. David's Islanders will remain a pure race is problematical, because within the last twelve months they have foolishly permitted a bridge to be constructed from their lovely unspoilt island to the main island of Bermuda, ending an isolation that has lasted since Creation.

The use of slaves in Bermuda was primarily caused by the climate which makes white people want to spend their time resting! Hard manual labor is about the last thing a present-day Bermudian desires, and in the days of Governor Tucker it was just the same. Pirates frequently stopped at Bermuda with cargoes of white slaves, but being extremely religious, the Bermudians refused to buy them. They had no objection, however, to buying African negroes

because in those days they were seriously regarded as a cross between monkeys and men, and for this reason negro slaves were not baptized nor allowed to enter any place of worship.

As for the importation of Indian slaves, blame must be placed on the colony of Massachusetts, which passed a law in 1652 ordaining that all Indians who were captured or surrendered were either to be reduced to slavery in New England or sold and shipped to Bermuda.

Few people realize what a gamble it was to live in the days of the Puritans, as the following instances of Governor Tucker's justice will show:

John Wood was hanged for telling the congregation in church just exactly what he thought of the Governor.

Martin Wetherall received sixty lashes on his bare back for having an affair with his fifteen-year-old maidservant; but as the maid continued to go about her work "according to her accustomed manner, merry and pleasant," she also received forty lashes!

Paul Dean was hanged for stealing a cheese valued at twenty pennies!

Robert Hall had his left ear cut off close to his head for perjury.

If there was one kind of person the Bermudians positively loathed, it was the executioner or the whipper, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the Governor was able to secure anyone to carry out his sentences of death.

A negro servant named Black Moll was condemned to death for stealing some safety pins. At the same assizes, William Worth was sentenced to be hanged for falling in love with a pig, but as there was no official executioner at the time, the governor reprieved Black Moll on condition that she execute William Worth!

Francis Welman was found guilty of blasphemy and sentenced to stand in the pillory with his offense written on paper in capital letters and pinned over his head. He was indeed lucky, because there was much discussion in the court as to whether it would not be better to brand the letter B on his forehead, have his tongue cut out or preferably have a two-pound weight hung by a hole through his tongue!

One unfortunate man who was caught fishing on Sunday was sentenced to thirty-nine lashes at the church door; it so happened that some local light was to give a lecture that night, so the sentence of flogging was commuted to the more severe punishment of attending the lecture.

Bermudians have always been famous for their sense of humor!

Ever since the days of Richard More, Bermuda's first governor, piracy has been a popular pastime with Bermudians, although wrecking was easier for the common people.

A certain Captain Powell who sailed regularly between England and Bermuda sailed into St. George's harbor one day with three vessels he had captured just for the fun of it. Hearing that the ships were loaded with meal, hides and ammunition, Governor Tucker received the gallant captain with much honor, even giving him a banquet while the governor's agents were unloading the cargoes and storing them safely in the cellars of his mansion. Assured that the cargoes were safe, he turned on his guest and accused him of being a pirate, making

matters so hot for the captain that he was glad to escape to England with his life.

Thus Tucker was the original hijacker.

As for wrecks, the Bermudians simply loved them. In Somerset today you will be shown Wreck Hill, on the top of which the Bermudians used to build a large bonfire in order to lure some unsuspecting ship upon the rocks. On one occasion, a wreck having occurred in the middle of the sermon on Sunday evening, the minister noticed a couple of his churchwardens making their way furtively toward the church door.

"Hold on, brothers," implored the minister, "until I pronounce the benediction, and then we can all start even!"

Chapter Four

The American Revolution—Believe-it-or-Not—is Won by Bermuda

From the days of Governor Tucker until the American Revolution, the history of Bermuda consists almost entirely of rows between the people and their various governors. Usually the Bermudians got the best of it, as in the case of Governor Isaac Richier who came to Bermuda in 1691.

Even before he came to the islands, Richier had the reputation for being "another celebrated freebooter, a pirate at sea and a brigand on land."

No sooner had he arrived in Bermuda than he became notorious for carousing with his boon companions in Granny Peniston's Tavern at St. George's

—nowadays Richier would have been called a grafter and a racketeer. So unpopular did he become that, in order to protect himself from the Bermudians, he engaged a notorious pirate named Bartholomew Sharpe who anchored his ship in St. George's harbor and kept his cannons trained on the town.

As a result of the numerous charges made against him, a new governor named Goddard was sent to Bermuda with instruction to depose Richier and place him on trial for peculation.

Richier was accordingly placed in St. George's one-celled jail to await trial; in the meantime the new governor proceeded to carry on where Richier had left off, and his grafting became worse than Richier's. Things became so rotten that England appointed one Samuel Trott as attorney general with instructions to try Goddard, who was thrown into the same cell with Richier!

With two of Bermuda's governors in jail, Trott immediately made preparations to try them before two prominent Bermudian gentleman, John Trimmingham and William Butterfield; but during the

trial, the attorney general happened to get into an argument with the two amateur judges and in a fit of temper called them a couple of "bush lawyers." Trimmingham and Butterfield regarded this as an insult and promptly committed the attorney general to three months' imprisonment for contempt of court, so that St. George's jail sheltered at the same time, in the same cell, two governors and one attorney general!

Delighted at this sudden turn of events, the two governors confided to their fellow prisoner Trott the news that a vessel was about to arrive in Bermuda from the West Indies to rescue them, and that if Trott wished to join them in a jailbreak, he could escape with them to England.

The attorney general immediately saw a means of regaining his freedom and prestige by scribbling on a piece of paper, addressed to the judges, news of the conspiracy, which he threw out of the window of the jail.

Trott was immediately pardoned while Governors Richier and Goddard soon found themselves on the way to England for trial.

Even today, Bermudians hate to be governed by anybody. It is not that they object so much to the presence of a governor, for there is nothing they like better than free garden parties with free distribution of food; in fact, were it not for the presence of a governor in their midst, the people would have no opportunity of letting one another know that they possess frock coats, top hats and pretty dresses. But when a governor attempts to regulate their ancient mode of living, the Bermudians become restive. Laws are all right until they affect the Bermudian's right to be an individualist; then there is bound to be trouble.

The fact that present-day Bermudians are very respectable and religious is undoubtedly the result of having been forced to go to church by numerous governors, on the threat of punishment. Even today the use of lipstick and rouge is frowned upon by many of the old residents—which may be the reason that there are so many elderly spinsters on the islands, Bermudian men having been attracted by the rosy cheeks and red lips of visiting maidens from other lands!

American Revolution Is Won by Bermuda

While looking over some old records I came across the following passage:

"Bermudians are not inferior in any particular to the people of the Mother country; the women are chaste and fair, and the men as clever, as friendly and as hospitable too in proportion to their relative means. It is true that owing to the relaxation consequent to a warm climate added to the expensiveness of apparel, the ladies do not find it convenient to be 'at home' at all times to receive idle visitors, but at the Governor's parties, public balls and amateur plays, they are neatly dressed and each lady may claim the merit of being her own dress maker."

The reason for this defense of Bermudians is that it seems to have been the fashion from time immemorial to ridicule Bermudians, yet it was the fault of England that there were so many queer characters. As long ago as 1619, the Bermudians passed a resolution protesting against:

"the over-aged, diseased and impotent persons who are being sent over to us, and so are to rest and remain here as drones and horse-leeches, living upon

the sweat and blood of other men. No greater canker can there be to a newly settled plantation than the stuffing it with idle and unprofitable persons, whose bellies for the most part are extraordinarily craving and their mouths ravenous!"

As for their reputation for being economical, it should not be thought for a moment that Bermudians are stingy or miserly; they are simply careful of what they have and they believe in looking ahead for the proverbial rainy day.

In discussing their reputation for economy, it has been stated that as recently as 1857, Bermudian women had combination ball dresses and mosquito curtains. When the Governor gave a ball, down would come the mosquito curtains on my lady's bed. A little starching and ironing, with a stitch here and there, converted the mosquito curtain into an excellent ball dress, and after the ball was over it was promptly returned to its place on the four-poster!

With the rapid development of Virginia and New England, Bermuda gradually lapsed into a period of sleepy tranquillity, the only real excitement being the burning of an occasional witch.

Then came the American Revolution in 1775, and being technically a part of Virginia, Bermuda was forbidden to have any intercourse with America, much to the indignation of the Bermudians, many of whose leading families were divided between the islands and Virginia.

I do not remember ever having heard of the Battle of Bunker Hill until I came to the United States —England not being given to advertising her defeats —but it appears there was such a battle.

When the battle was over, a gentleman named George Washington was very much disturbed to discover that his supply of gunpowder had given out, and while he was wondering how he was going to fight any more battles, up jumped a Mr. Tucker.

"Did I hear you say that you're short of powder?" inquired this rebellious pirate. "Have you forgotten your brother colonists in Bermuda?"

"For goodness' sake," replied Washington, "how can they help us with six hundred and sixty-six miles of the Atlantic Ocean between them and us?"

"Between ourselves," answered Mr. Tucker, thrilled with this opportunity of getting back his

own at the expense of the Governor of Bermuda, "there is a gunpowder magazine in Bermuda, where they have been saving up powder ever since the days of Captain John Smith, and if I know anything about my relatives, I'll wager they haven't fired a shot for over a century! It's yours for the asking."

Accordingly, George Washington addressed an appeal for help to Bermuda, and his letter was dated September 6, 1775:

"To the Inhabitants of the Island of Bermuda."

"In this great conflict, which agitates this continent, I cannot doubt but the assertors of freedom and the rights of the Constitution are possessed of your most favorable regards and wishes for success. You need not be informed, that the violence and rapacity of a tyrannic ministry have forced the citizens of America, your brother colonist, into arms. We equally detest and lament the prevalence of those counsels, which have led to the effusion of so much human blood, and left us no alternative but a civil war or a base submission.

"Under these circumstances, and with these sentiments, we have turned our eyes to you, Gentlemen,

for relief. We are informed that there is a very large magazine in your island under a very feeble guard. We would not wish to involve you in an opposition, in which from your situation, we should be unable to support you, but if your favor and friendship to North America and its liberties have not been misrepresented, I persuade myself you may, consistently with your own safety, promote and further this scheme, so as to give it the fairest prospect of success."

In the meantime, Mr. Tucker hurried back to Bermuda and tipped off the Bermudians that a vessel was on its way from America to relieve them of their gunpowder, and to be sure not to light any bonfires on Wreck Hill until the ship had safely come and gone.

Within a few days a ship arrived from Philadelphia, under the command of Captain Ord, and anchored off Wreck Hill. Knowing that she had come for the gunpowder, the Bermudian guards conveniently arranged to have a series of dates that night, and while they were love-making and the governor was safe in bed, Captain Ord and his men landed and rolled one hundred barrels of powder through

the streets to the ship, without anyone raising the slightest objection.

With that same powder, George Washington fought the Battle of Boston which resulted in the evacuation of Boston by the British—so let it never be forgotten how much America owes Bermuda.

That America appreciated this brotherly act which turned the scales towards her liberty is shown from the official records, where it is stated that by order of Congress several shiploads of provisions were sent to Bermuda as a slight token of America's gratitude.

What the Governor of Bermuda said when he discovered the loss of his gunpowder is not recorded, but the effect was to tighten the reins and give the Bermudians no further opportunity of taking part in the Revolution.

Soon after this time people in England began discussing the question of slavery and, having now decided that African negroes were after all human beings and consequently possessed of souls, a conference of Methodists was called in 1788, at which it was decided to send the Reverend John Stephenson to preach the gospel to the blacks of Bermuda.

Conservative to the backbone, Bermudians determined to prevent anyone from preaching the gospel to anybody, especially slaves, unless the preacher had been ordained in the Church of England or Scotland. A law was passed to that effect, but notwithstanding the law, Mr. Stephenson did preach the gospel, for which he was arrested and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, fined $250 and ordered to pay the costs.

Today, carved on the floor of the cell at St. George's where he was confined, is this inscription:

"John Stephenson, Methodist Missionary, was imprisoned in this jail six months for preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the poor negroes."

Bermuda's slaves were freed on August 1, 1834. Having nowhere to go, they remained where they were, so that today about sixty per cent of the inhabitants of Bermuda are colored.

The first thought of every slave was the selection of his title or surname, because as slaves they possessed only Christian names.

Being free to take any names they wished, they

decided to take the names of Bermuda's most popular families thus accounting for the enormous numbers of colored Butterfields, Tuckers, Harveys, Outerbridges and Trimminghams!

It would be interesting to know where the American negro got his accent, because the Bermudian negro speaks with a pure English accent. Such words as "fo" for "four," "gwine" for "going," "massa" for "master" and "sho" for "sure" are never heard in Bermuda.

In clothing also, the Bermudian negro seems to have an entirely different taste from his brothers in Harlem: he is extremely conservative.

On Sundays when the streets are thronged with colored Bermudians, it is very noticeable that the usual color of clothing is black for the men and white for the women, brightly colored clothing being rather the exception than the rule.

One of the most interesting sights in Bermuda is to see the representatives of the colored community at one of the Governor's garden parties. Both men and women show perfect taste in dress and, of course, deportment, but they keep strictly

to themselves. While many white people approach them and enter into conversation, the colored people make no attempt to mingle with the whites.

I remember being asked to lecture for one of the Colored Women's Clubs in Hamilton, and I can truthfully say that I never had a better audience. After the lecture, afternoon tea was served, but instead of my being expected to shake hands with the audience, the president of the club conducted me to a small room where I was left to enjoy my afternoon cup of cheer by myself.

With the freeing of the slaves, Bermuda entered into a fresh era of going to sleep until the outbreak of the War between the States, sometimes called the American Civil War, in 1861.

It is at this time that I personally come into this story of Bermuda. My father, Thomas Grant Wells, was a government official in St. George's. There have been Thomas Wellses in Bermuda ever since the days of old Governor Tucker, but the Thomas Wells of most importance to me was my father, who was a thorough-bred Bermudian.

As a paymaster in government service he had to pay the men who were working in the dockyard, and on one occasion an attempt was made to rob him of the payroll money by a gang who showered him with bricks.

One of the bricks, happening to hit my father behind his left ear, cracked his skull, but instead of dying he merely became insensible.

The phenomenon of a man with a cracked skull who refused to die proved too puzzling for the local doctors, who placed my father on a vessel which eventually deposited him at Plymouth.

Still insensible, but otherwise healthy, he was placed in the observation ward of Devonport Hospital as an exhibit of unusual interest. Week after week he remained in the hospital while doctors came from all parts of England to see this man whose skull was cracked but who refused to die, until finally one of the doctors, who thought he was being original, suggested that it would be interesting to cut out a piece of my father's skull, just to see what would happen.

He probably had no idea that "trepanning," the

art of making openings in the skull, was known to the ancients and frequently practiced by them.

Nowadays we are so accustomed to marvelous surgical operations, made possible by antiseptics, that we are apt to forget that antiseptic surgery was unknown in the days of the Civil War.

At the time this doctor suggested cutting out a piece of a human skull, Lister, the father of modern surgery, was experimenting at amputating people's legs, while Pasteur, the great French chemist whose researches led to the science of antiseptics, was studying an epidemic among French silkworms!

It was, therefore, an important event in brain surgery when, in the presence of thirty doctors, a piece of my father's skull the size of a twenty-five cent piece was skillfully removed.

The patient opened his eyes and said just one word: "Nattie!"

The doctors were as amazed at my father's regaining consciousness and asking for Nattie as he was to find himself in England, especially when he realized that several weeks had passed since he had been knocked unconscious by a brick.

No one knew who Nattie was, and my father, being of a silent nature, never referred to her again.

For several days he remained in bed amusing himself by playing with a piece of his own skull, which had been carefully preserved for him in a little box.

One day, the surgeon suggested: "Young man, you may live a few days or even a few months, but if I were you, I would apply to the government for a commuted pension and withdraw the money in a lump sum!"

This was a suggestion that my father thoroughly approved. He received his pension in a lump sum and, expecting to die at any minute, he blew in the whole of the money—and I have been suffering for it ever since!

Instead of dying, my father lived to be over eighty and all the doctors who attended his operation died years before he did.

One day while taking the air on Plymouth Hoe, he happened to see a sign "Camera Obscura—Admission Sixpence" and bang! went another bit of his pension.

A camera obscura was one of the most thrilling shows in the days of hoopskirts and crinolines. Having paid your sixpence, you entered an underground compartment, and by looking into a kind of reflector, you were able to watch people who were walking about outside, without their knowing they were being watched; not very exciting for the modern youth, but the very acme of thrills in 1862!

Suddenly his attention was drawn to a very pretty girl who was strolling across the Hoe carrying a small parasol!

"By Jove!" thought my father, "if I'm not going to die, I may as well get married!"

Out he jumped, and having struck up an acquaintance in the way gentlemen did in 1862, he popped the question, married my mother and became the father of eight children of whom I was the baby.

One of the earliest memories of my childhood was the arrival of a letter from Bermuda on my father's birthday. Inside the envelope was just a birthday card "with love from Nattie" and I re-

member my mother always saying "Who is Nattie?" but she never found out.

Year after year with faithful regularity until my father died the birthday card arrived with love from Nattie. Then they ceased, and I forgot all about Nattie.

Ten years later I found myself in Bermuda taking photographs, and while walking in Somerset I spied a lovely old house. The gates to the drive were open and as I walked toward the house, I met an elderly lady.

"Excuse me," I said with a smile, "my name is Wells and I'm awfully anxious to take a picture of your house!"

Looking at me strangely, she said:

"Did you say Wells! Is it possible that your name is Grant?"

"Why, yes!" I answered. "My name is Grant Carveth Wells, but I only use the name Grant when I go to Scotland!" Then something made me say, "Is it possible that you are Nattie?"

With a sad little smile she replied, quietly;

"Nattie died soon after your father; I am Nattie's

sister!" Then, as if she had been expecting me, she continued: "Do come in, I have several things in the house that will interest you." She led the way through a wonderful old garden to the house, and mounting the steps on to the veranda she showed me into an old-fashioned dining room.

On the mantlepiece were two faded photographs, one of a young man with Dundreary whiskers! It was my father. The other was a photograph of a very pretty young girl dressed in a black silk crinoline. It was Nattie!

She then pointed to a corner of the room where I saw resting against the wall two long bows. They were dust-covered and the bowstrings had long since disappeared, together with the arrows.

Handing me the bows, she said: "This was your father's bow and that was Nattie's." Then pointing out of the window, she continued: "Many are the times I saw them shooting on that lawn!"

Of course nowadays lovers use revolvers, but in 1862 archery was a graceful sport for ladies.

And so at last I had solved the problem of those birthday cards from Bermuda.

With his pension spent and expecting a sudden death, my father had given up hope of ever returning to his beloved Bermuda and to his young sweetheart Nattie; although he married another girl, I know that he never forgot Nattie, nor she him, because Nattie never married; she was one of those rare women who understand.

That same afternoon as I made my way back towards Hamilton I noticed a charming old gentleman with Dundreary whiskers standing in his garden. Like most old people in Bermuda, he was erect and healthy. Thinking he might possibly remember my father, I approached and said:

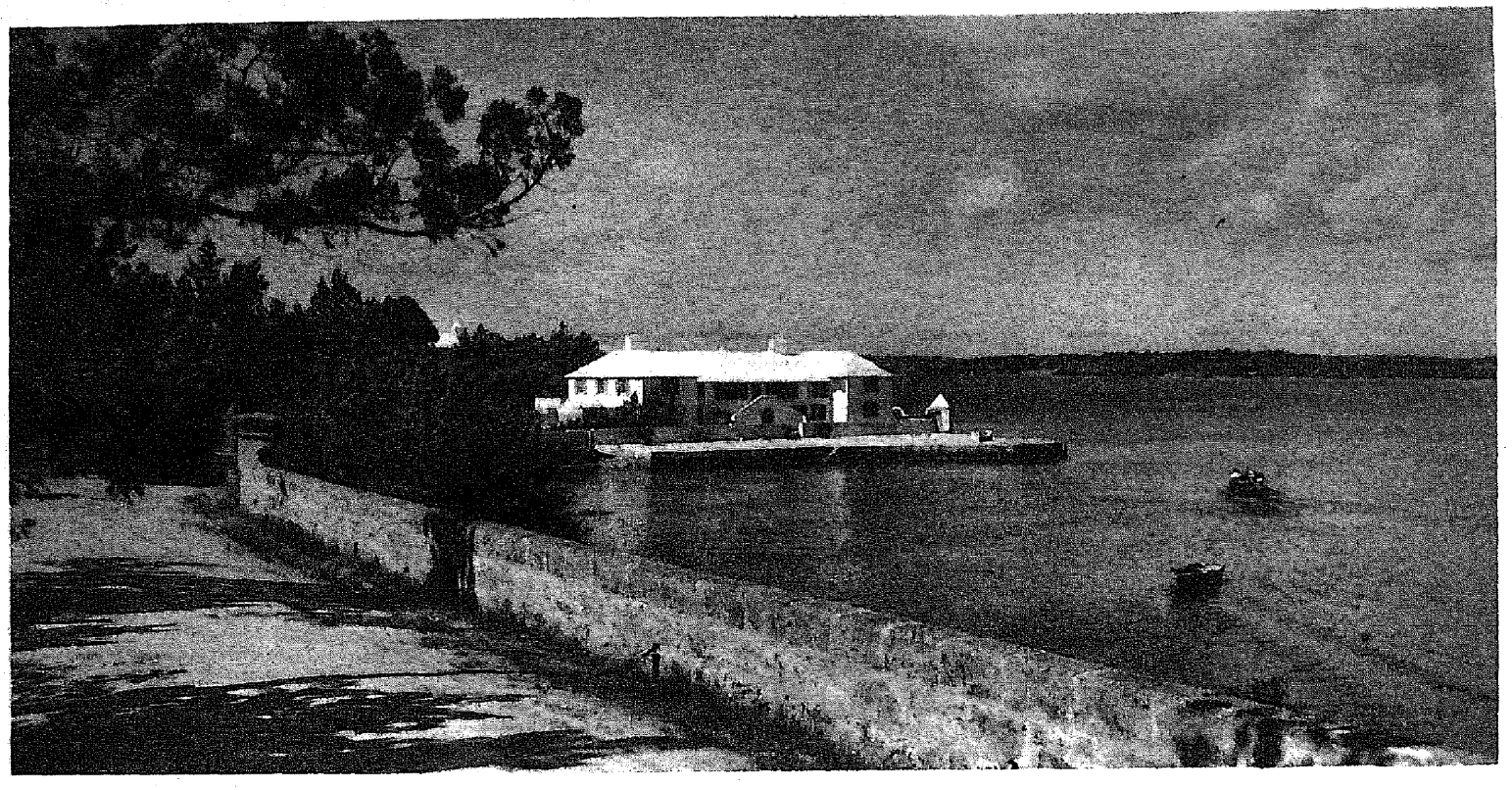
"My name is Grant Wells; I'm wondering if you knew my father?"

Without the slightest hesitation or apparent surprise he answered:

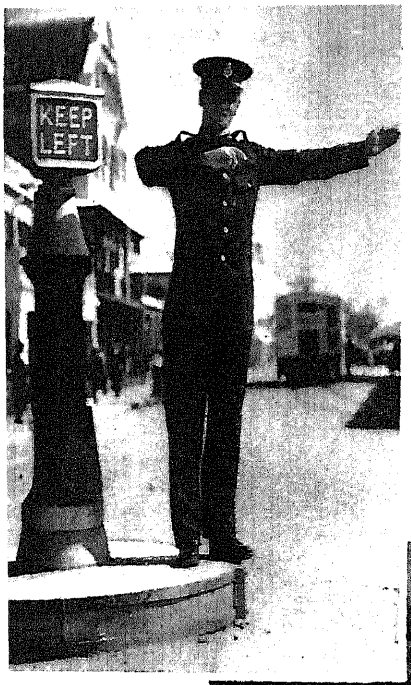
"I should say I do remember Grant Wells; he was a regular devil! Always coming in after midnight and climbing into that room," indicating a bedroom that opened on to the veranda.

Just then the old gentleman's sister joined us and on seeing me she exclaimed:

This ancient rubber tree growing in front of the public library at Hamilton is probably the best known landmark in the islands.

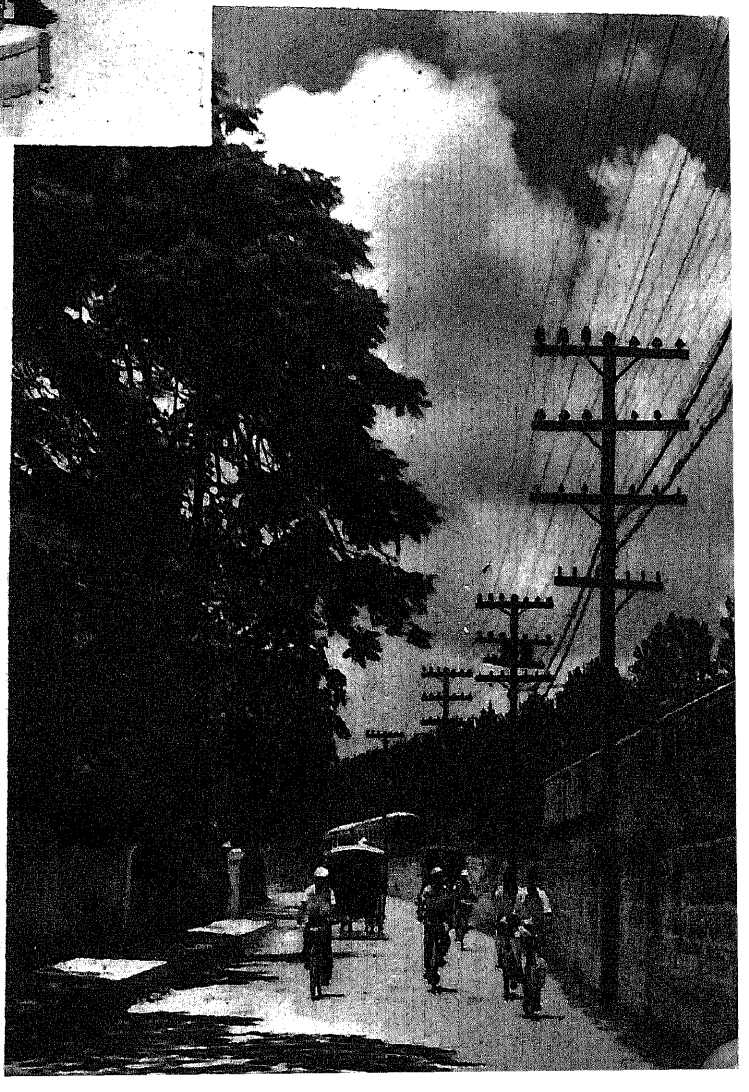


Bermuda is a retreat for some of America's best known authors, playwrights and artists. Here is the home of Eugene O'Neill at Spithead.



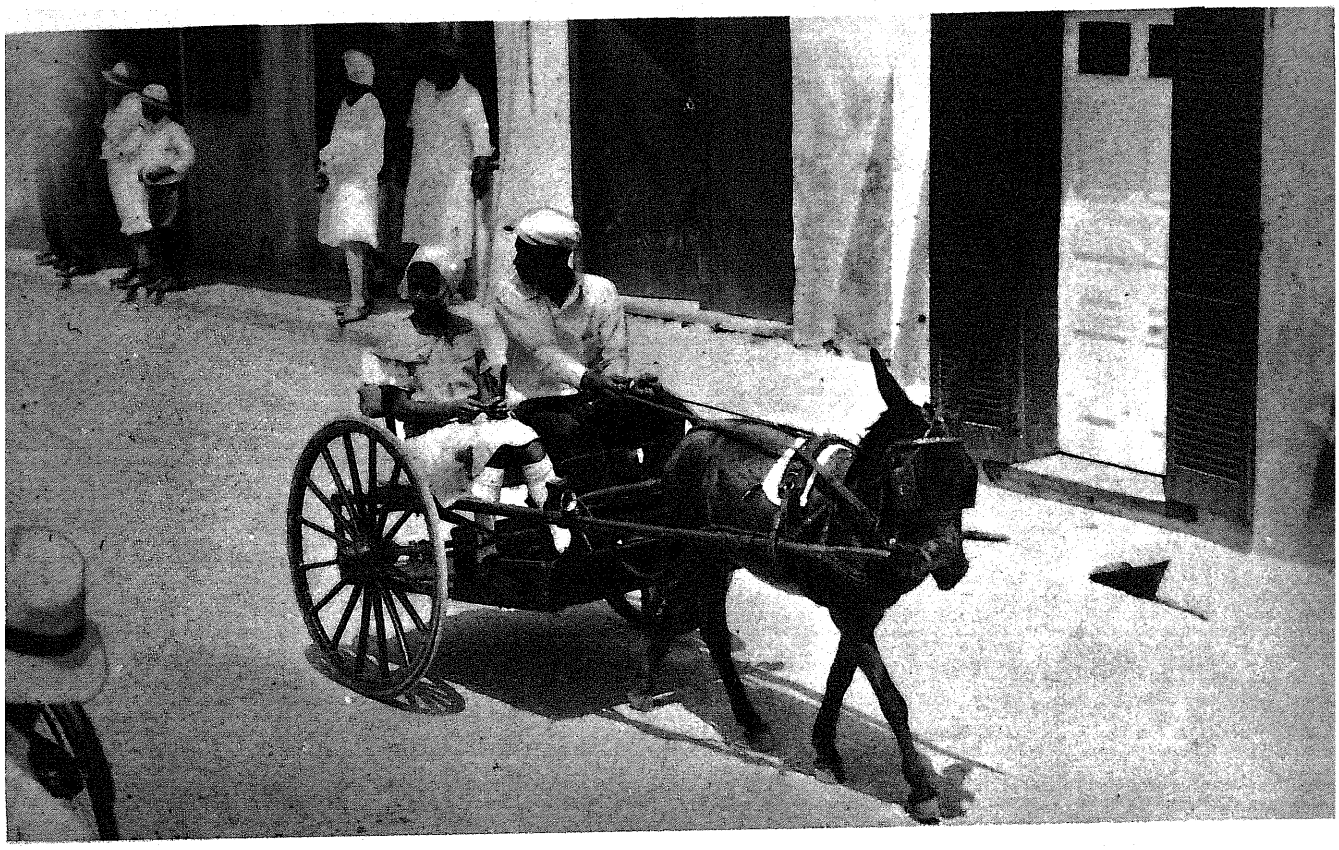
The traffic cop holds up the St. George's Express. All British policemen wear a striped cuff on the left sleeve to remind them that they are on duty.

Although Bermuda now has a railway, the bicycle and carriage still remain the chief means of transportation.



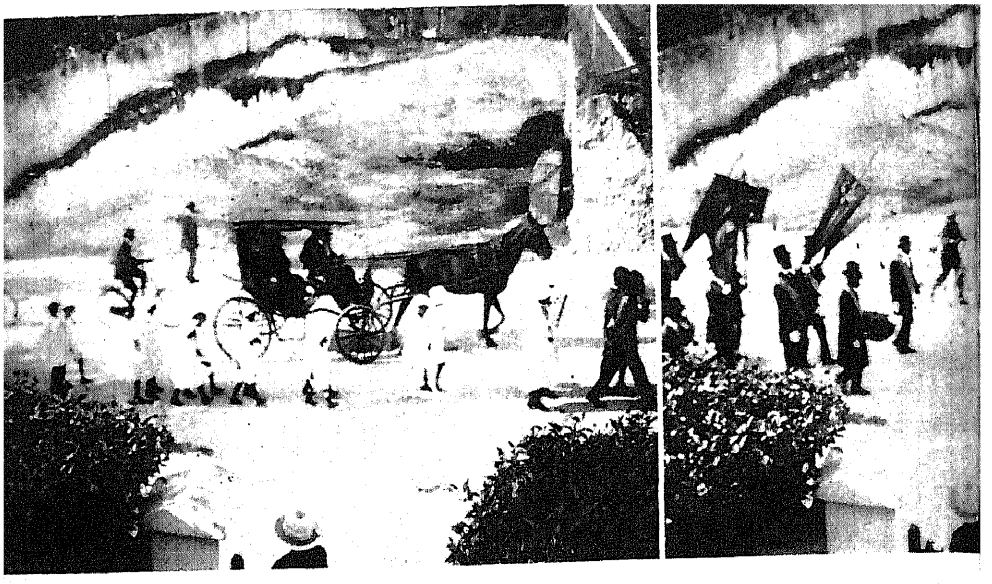
Bermuda's de luxe train meets the New York boat.

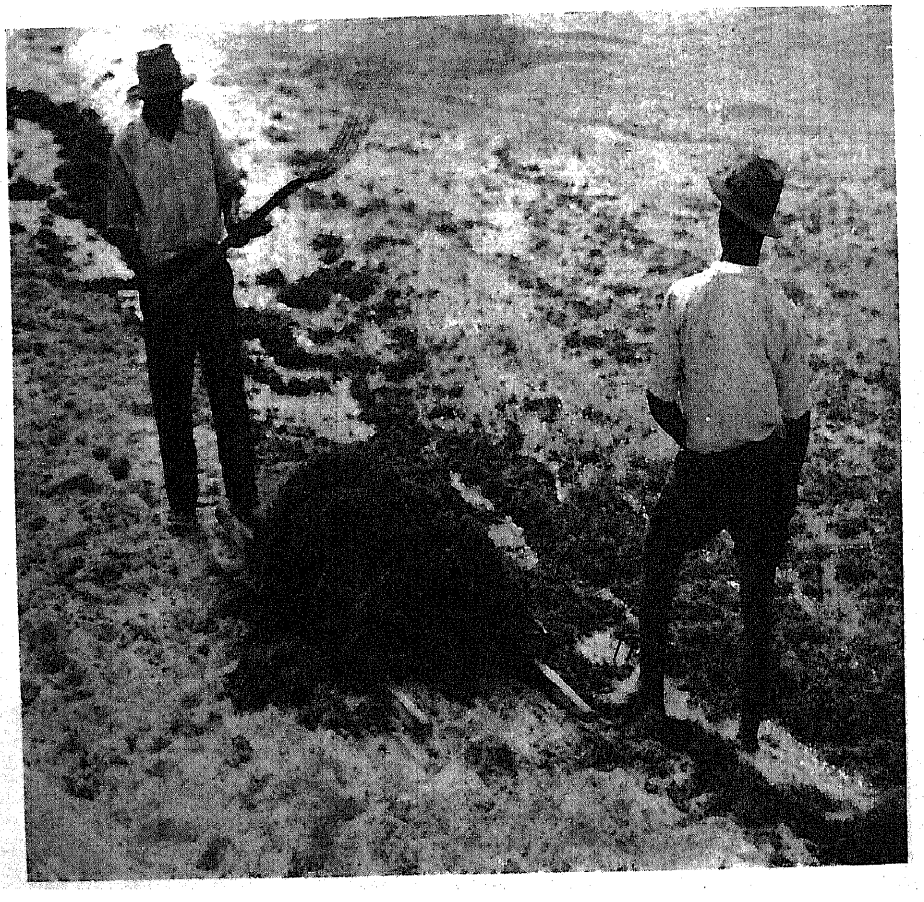
It is not generally known that West Indian Voodooism has invaded Bermuda. These Gombey dancers perform at Christmas and New Year's. Although their headdress suggests the American Indian, their dances are typical of darkest Africa.

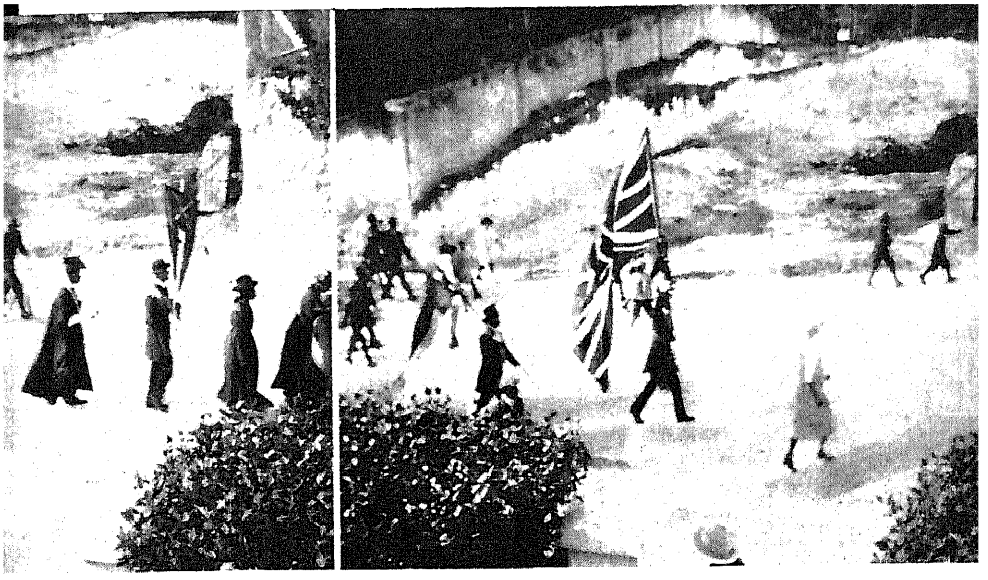


With the help of the Bermuda railroad, local honeymoon couples are able to cover more ground than by donkey cart.

Hamilton Harbour is almost as international as Singapore. Ships from all parts of the world can be seen at Bermuda.





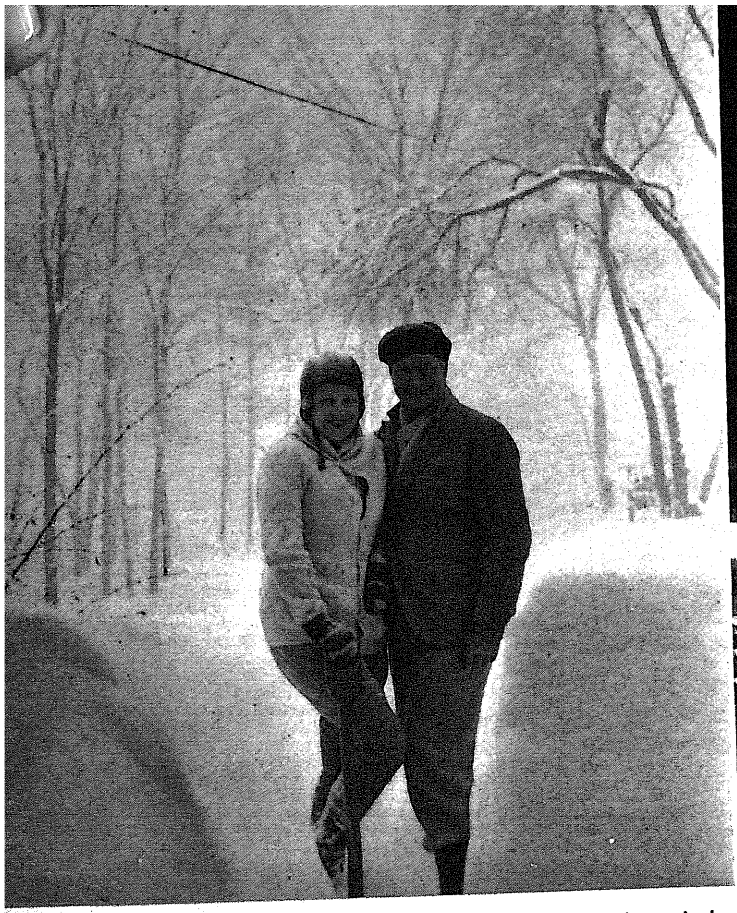


This procession, reminiscent of the "Mystic Knights of the Sea" and the "Kingfish," is a Bermuda friendly society going to church in style.

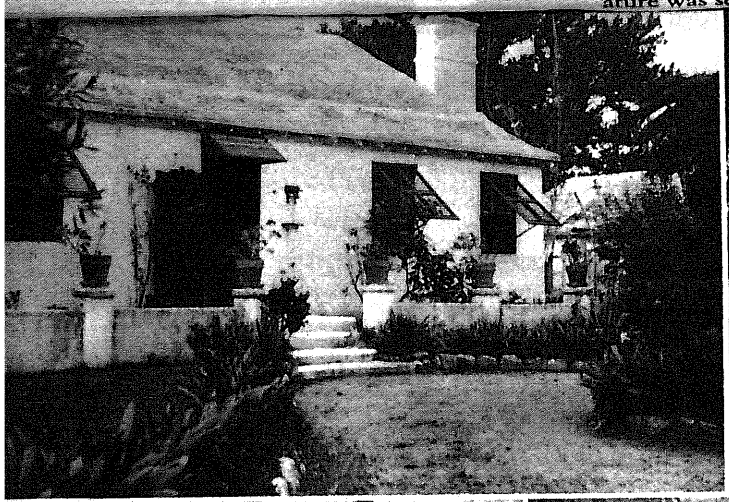
At certain times of the year, great quantities of tropical seaweed are washed up at Bermuda where it is gathered and used as fertilizer. It is eventually exported to America in the form of potatoes, onions and Easter lilies.

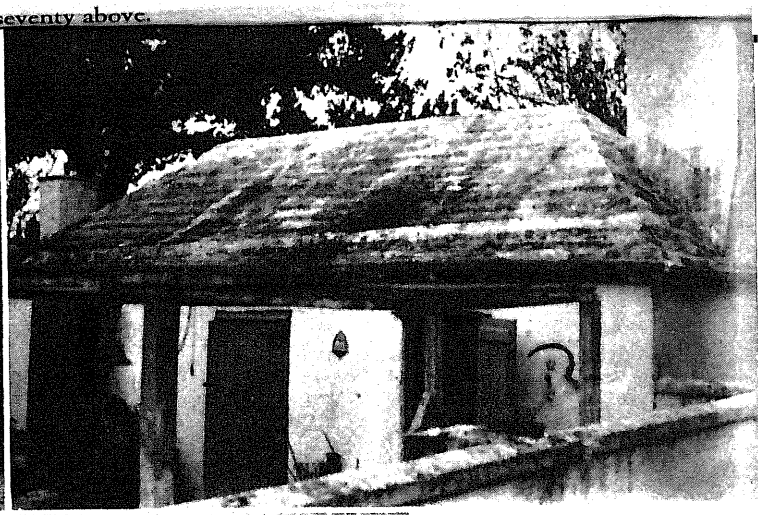
Gibbs Hill Lighthouse crowns the highest spot in the Bermuda Islands. A wonderful panorama can be seen from the top.

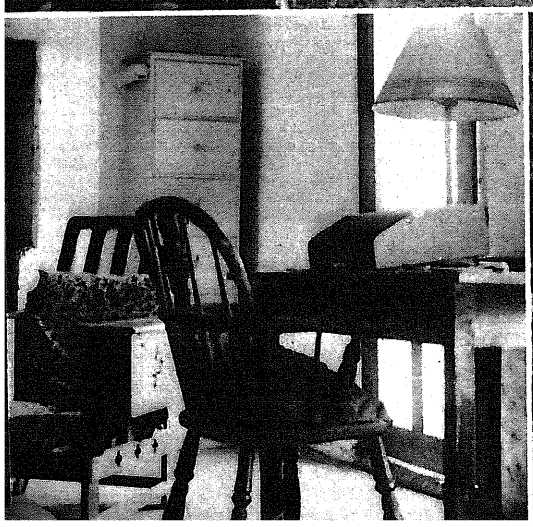
Quaint old Somerset Bridge spans the Atlantic Ocean. Notice the small slot in the bridge to permit the passage of masts.

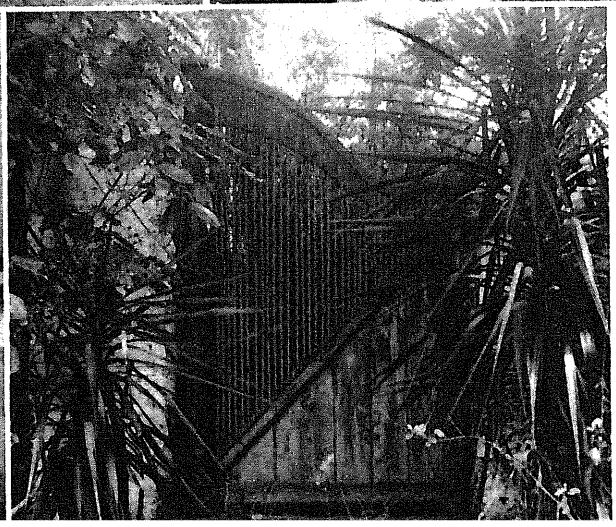


Here at our home in Westport, Connecticut, it is thirty degrees below zero. Yet only two days after this picture was taken, we were sitting on the porch of Felicity Hall in Bermuda, when the temperature was seventy above.



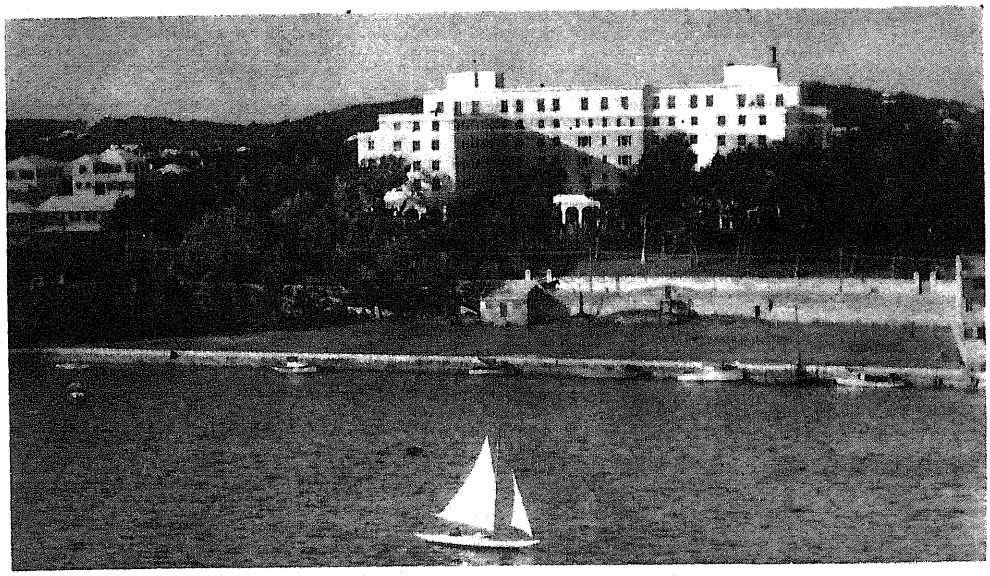




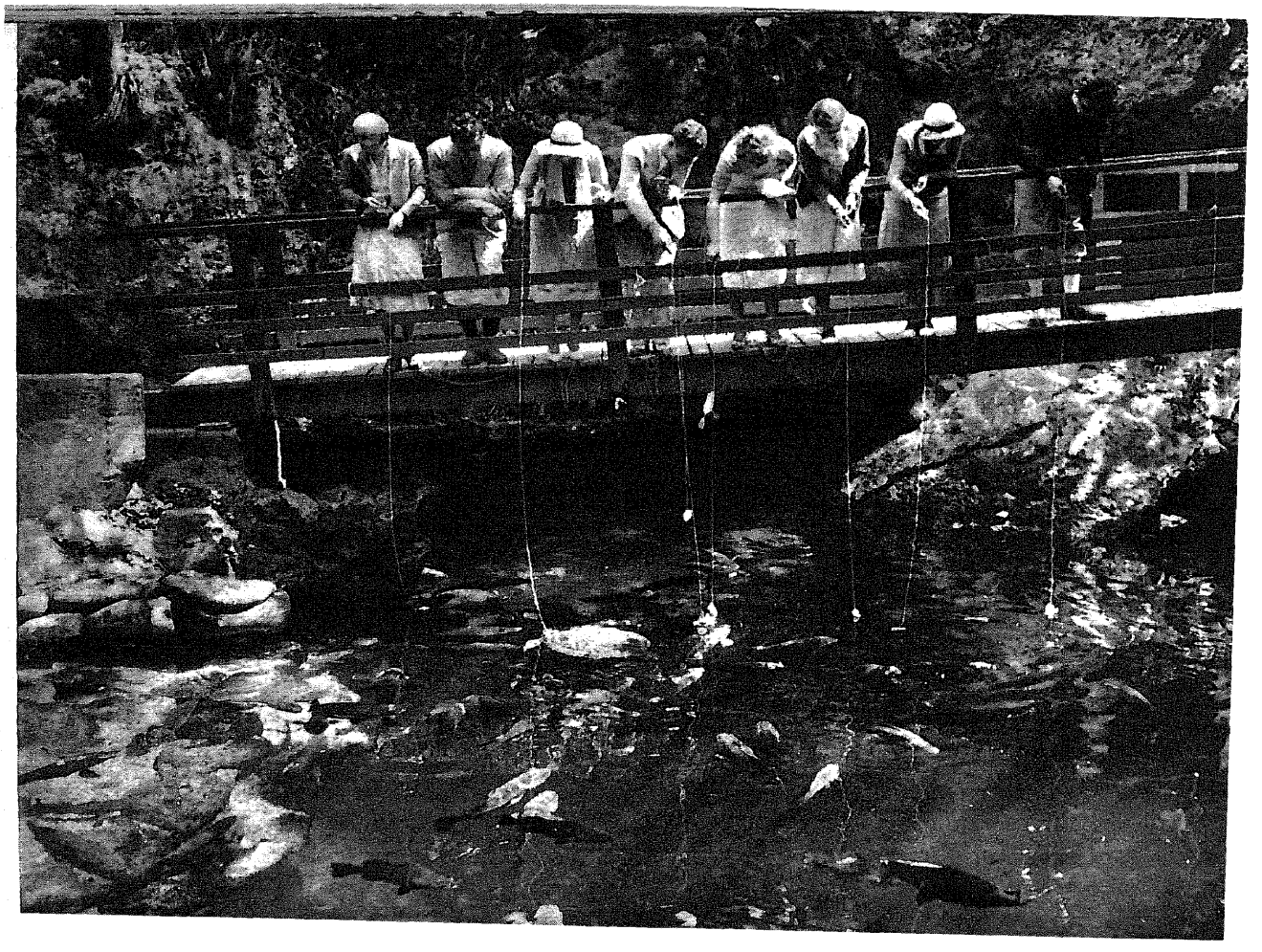


Felicity Hall, Somerset, Bermuda, is my ancestral home. It was in the slave quarters that Hervey Allen wrote his monumental novel "Anthony Adverse." Here is the table at which the book was written and the famous Harp gate which Hervey Allen built himself. It is said that he placed a curse on anyone who dared to remove it.

Many Bermudian women object strenuously to taxation without representation. The policeman, having seized a woman's household furniture in lieu of taxes, members of the Bermudian Suffrage Society stage a mock funeral of Bermuda's departed justice.



Military parades are often held on the lawn in front of the Bermudiana Hotel.



There are "Suckers" at both ends of the line in the Devil's Hole.

"You're exactly like your father!"

A moment afterwards we were joined by the old man's little granddaughter who was carrying in her arms a white goat!

"What are you going to do with the goat?" I inquired laughingly.

"Anchor it," she replied seriously, as she tied the goat to a stake on the lawn. Bermudians use nautical terms. Instead of roads running north and south, they run "fore and aft"!

"Why don't you take a look at the baptismal register in Somerset Church?" they both shouted as I said good-bye. "You'll find plenty of Wellses there."

The church door was open and in a few moments an old man was showing me the famous stained-glass window, known as the Harvey window, by Prady of London.

After showing me the organ, which was made from specifications furnished by one of the convicts who was undergoing sentence at Boaz Island, he got out the old baptismal register from which I was able to check my family tree on one of its numer-

ous branches, and learned that my grandmother's name was Sally Dalzell, and that she was the matron of the naval hospital.

"Where was my father's seat?" I asked my guide.

"Right there in the corner of the front row," he replied; "but he was always looking behind him," he added.

"Why was that?" I inquired innocently.

"Nattie used to sit in the gallery!" he replied.

On my next visit to Bermuda, I rented the upper floor of a Hamilton house named "Cedarhurst."

Beneath me on the ground floor was an old lady named Butterfield. Hearing that she was a lone widow, I decided to introduce myself to her, but no sooner had I explained that I was the son of Grant Wells than she exclaimed excitedly:

"Why! I used to dance with your father"; then, indicating the room in which we were standing, she continued:

"My husband was Dr. Butterfield, and it was in this very room that he tried to patch up your father's head, when they threw that brick at him!"

No matter where I went, I ran into friends of

Grant Wells, which was one of the reasons I made up my mind to explore the islands, and perhaps one day write a book about the loveliest islands in the Atlantic.

Chapter Five

Arrival of the Modern Adventurer in Bermuda

Having now disposed of Bermuda's history, let me take you in imagination to the scene of Shakespeare's *Tempest,* and should it ever be your happy fate to visit the Bermuda Islands, this imaginary journey may serve to make your stay unusually interesting.

In the first place, don't forget that Bermuda is by no means a tropical island and that, although you can escape America's severe winter by traveling for two days in a palatial liner, nevertheless you will arrive in Bermuda in wintertime, as her seasons coincide with America's.

It is true that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred

you will find Bermuda a land of sunshine, but do not condemn her climate if you should arrive in a rainstorm, for her winter is a time of sudden showers and gorgeous rainbows. Snow is, of course, unknown and even hail is as rare as the honest man Diogenes was always seeking.

While the islands are always blessed with wonderful flowers, the best time to see them in great profusion is from Easter throughout the summer, when the islands are ablaze with red, white and pink Oleanders plus masses of gorgeous blue Morning Glories.

Many people visit Bermuda during the winter months of January, February and March, only to return disappointed because they failed to see acres of Easter lilies; especially are those disappointed whose visit is limited to one week-end or even one day, if they happen to strike a rainy spell. I have seen the hotels crowded with people wondering what there is to do besides drink cocktails and listen to an orchestra, so take my tip; before you arrive in Bermuda, take the trouble to read about the islands and the time will never hang heavy.

If you want to do as the Bermudians do, you will travel to Bermuda on one of the Furness Bermuda Line's boats, either the *Queen* or the *Monarch*.

There are other fine steamers that go to Bermuda, but the two I have mentioned are floating pieces of Bermuda that, upon arrival, actually attach themselves to Bermuda's main street; they are filled with the spirit of Bermuda in more senses than one so that you have practically arrived in the atmosphere of the islands the moment you board them in New York.

If you are a bad sailor, you will probably start remembering the terrible tales you have heard of the rough sea voyage, but don't worry; the chances are that your voyage will be as smooth as a millpond, especially in the summer.

Assuming that you are not a great traveler, may I be excused if I advise you not to cross your bridges until you get to them? In other words, don't fill up with patent medicines guaranteed to prevent seasickness.

From the age of forty on, the chances of being seasick diminish rapidly, but if in spite of every-

thing you find yourself feeling a bit queer, don't make the fatal mistake of trying to "walk it off" by striding strenuously around the deck; lie down flat on your back and hope for the best.

Squeamish people should avoid butter at all costs and resist the temptation to conquer the ship's menu. Eat the plainest of food, and beware of vegetable soup!

Don't torture yourself by sitting at the dining table minus an appetite, but do what you would do at home if you were to feel ill; lie down and keep quiet.

Personally, I have found it an excellent thing to take a dose of Enos fruit salt on going to bed and again on rising in the morning; incidentally, I am not paid to recommend this old-fashioned remedy. If at all possible, spend your time on the boat reading about Bermuda, especially *The Story of Bermuda* by Hudson Strode, and Rider's *Guide to Bermuda.*

Hour by hour as you travel out to sea, the temperature rises and the water gets bluer until the morning of your arrival off St. David's Island, when the engines stop and you pick up the pilot.

In the distance you will see a group of low-lying islands covered with foliage so dark green in color as to appear almost black.

These are the famous Cedars (*Juniperus bermudiana*) found only in Bermuda. In olden days there were dense forests of trees much larger than the majority of the cedars found today, although a good idea of what they were like in the days of Sir George Somers may be had by noticing the trees on Cedar Avenue, in Hamilton.

Unfortunately, the best trees have long since been cut down for the building of ships and houses; in fact, cedar was used even for such household utensils as buckets, tubs, spoons, plates and furniture.

Just as in Lapland the Lapps count their wealth by the number of reindeer they possess, so in Bermuda wealth was estimated by the number of fine cedar trees a colonist owned.

The trees bear a grayish-blue berry which made excellent food for cattle and an intoxicating drink for humans, although today there are more convenient substitutes.

As the steamer approaches the shore you will notice numbers of little white houses built of native coral rock, which took the place of cedar. This coral rock is a blessing to any prospective householder since all that is necessary to build a house is to purchase a small plot of ground.

The next step is to excavate a large hole and use the material from the hole to build your house. Be sure to build the house on top of the hole, because that will provide you with a cellar without making one! Having finished the roof of the house, you arrange that the gutter shall conduct all rainwater from the roof directly into the cellar, thus providing a water tank without buying one.

The only thing to remember is, as soon as the tank fills with water place a goldfish in the tank, but only one unless you desire the tank to become an aquarium!

The object of the solitary goldfish is to prevent the breeding of mosquitoes; there is no need to feed the fish, it thrives on mosquito larvae. If by chance you intend to rent an old Bermuda house,

it is always best to inquire after the health of the goldfish!

Shortly after arriving off St. George's, a tender will take off those passengers who have decided to study history in the ancient capital or to join the idle rich in that super-palatial hotel that overlooks Castle Harbour.

Most people, however, prefer to remain on the steamer as she slowly makes her way through the treacherous "Narrows" to Hamilton.

If you take your field glasses and scan the shore, you will notice another tree peculiar to Bermuda, the Palmetto Palm (*Sabal blackburnianum*).

Without this useful tree the early colonists would have had neither roofs for their houses nor hats for themselves.

Not only did this tree provide roofs and hats and ropes, but also cabbage, salad, food for fattening hogs and a delicious wine; in fact, if we are to believe the works of the poet Edmund Waller, a contemporary of Shakespeare, the early Bermudians not only made their hogs fat on Palmetto berries but made hogs of themselves on Palmetto wine:

The sweet Palmettos a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shields;
Under the shadows of whose friendly boughs
They sit carousing, where their liquor grows.

Besides making a sweet wine from the tree, they also distilled a potent liquor known as "aqua vitae," which was exported in large quantities.

The explanation of the cabbage and salad is that the heart of the Palmetto Palm can be eaten raw as a delicious salad but when boiled tastes like a first-class savoy cabbage.

For twelve miles the steamer moves slowly along the north coast until suddenly she makes a wide sweep to the left and enters the Great Sound. On your right is Ireland Island and the naval dockyard with its enormous floating dock that was towed to Bermuda from England.

An interesting thing occurred when they were making the huge excavation necessary to receive the dock: at a depth of 46 feet below water level they came upon a layer of red earth about two feet thick in which were the remains of cedar trees.

This remarkable geological discovery has led to a fierce argument between scientists as to whether Bermuda is going down or whether the sea is coming up, although to my mind it makes no difference in the final result!

From soundings taken, it has been established that Bermuda is the summit of what is probably the steepest volcano in the world, rising from the sea bottom about fourteen thousand feet until it just reaches the surface.

Bermudians do not like to think about such things and would prefer people to think of them as living on a coral island, but the fact is that the coral is living on the top of an extinct volcano isolated in the Atlantic about seven hundred miles from anywhere. As might be expected from her extreme isolation, Bermuda has no indigenous land mammals, frogs or snakes. Fortunately no one has imported any snakes, but she has quite a variety of imported animals from monkeys to sea lizards. The only four-legged animal peculiar to Bermuda and found nowhere else in the world is a lizard called a "Skink." How he got to Bermuda no one knows,

but this little animal has been such an old resident of the islands that he has changed his shape to suit his environment, and is unique among lizards.

The best place to catch one is among the ruins of the old fort on Castle Island. When caught, the skink has a habit of breaking off its tail and leaving it wriggling about in your hand while the most important part of the animal makes its escape!

But to return to the ship. Don't be alarmed if she appears to be making straight for a couple of small islands because the tiny passage between them is the only entrance to Hamilton Harbour.

So narrow was this passage that when the *Queen* and the *Monarch* were built, the passage had to be widened by blasting to enable them to dock.

By this time even the most seasick passenger will have recovered, and everyone looks eagerly ahead as the vessel glides slowly past the Princess Hotel and stops right opposite the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club.

That lovely small island on your right is White's Island, which was handed over to America for her personal use during the Great War, and was handed

back with suitable ceremony after the Armistice.

By this time the town of Hamilton is in full view, especially the Cathedral. The enormous building on the hill beyond the Yacht Club is the famous Bermudiana Hotel, managed by that most genial of all explorers, Bob Blackman, one of the original members of the Explorers Club, New York.

Sailing boats of all kinds surround the steamer as she slowly turns completely around before hitching up alongside the busy street. Watch out for a Bermuda dinghy, mostly sail and very little boat. They will tell you that while it takes only one man to sail a Bermuda dinghy, it requires about three men to keep her baled out!

Crowds of people have come down to greet the steamer, but it is the simplest thing in the world to pick out the Bermudians from the visiting Americans, because the American men will be all dressed up in white flannels or duck suits with sporty shoes and the latest in hats, while the Bermudians usually wear gray flannel trousers, any old coat, brown leather shoes that have had their day and hats that are family heirlooms.

Don't be misled by the outward appearance of these Bermudians, because the homeliest-looking one might turn out to be a knight!

As for the women, the Americans make you think of Palm Beach, wearing the very latest in sports clothes with high heels and dressed in the height of fashion, plucked and penciled eyebrows, scarlet fingernails and lips like a danger signal; but the Bermudians scattered among them wear flat-heeled walking shoes, plain but neat dresses, and I was almost going to say, faces to match.

The customs inspection is short and snappy, and thanks to the strict honesty of the people you need not fear to hand over the keys of your trunk to the hotel porter who will open the trunk and pass it through the customs while you walk or ride to your hotel.

If by chance you have not made any hotel reservations and are a bit leary of expense, just walk a few yards to the offices of the Bermuda Tourist Information Bureau and they will advise you of a place to stay that will fit your pocketbook.

That man in a blue uniform directing the traffic

is a Bermuda bobby, typically British, even to that striped cuff he wears on his sleeve. If you ask him why he wears this apparently useless cuff, he will tell you that it is to remind him that he is on duty!

Probably you will be amazed at the enormous number of bicycles all of which have licenses like motorcars, but you will be equally astonished to find a complete absence of automobiles, which are against the law!

Until recently, the only means of transportation in Bermuda were horse carriages, ferry boats, bicycles and a very occasional horse bus, the latter being usually monopolized by the colored people; but after terrific turmoil in the Bermuda Parliament, a franchise was granted to the Bermuda Railway Company, Ltd., which constructed a kind of glorified Toonerville Trolley from one end of the islands to the other.

Speed is of far less importance than comfort and convenience and, although the railway has certainly ruined many lovely old gardens, it has enabled not only the visitors to Bermuda, but also

many Bermudians themselves, to see the whole of the islands for the first time.

Although it is only about twenty-two miles from one end of Bermuda to the other, there are still a great many Bermudians living in Somerset who have never been to St. George's, and vice versa.

If you are one of those unlucky people whose stay in Bermuda is to be only a matter of hours, I strongly recommend traveling from end to end of the islands by train, as it is the only way of seeing much of the scenery in a limited time.

Where you stay in Bermuda depends largely upon whether you want peace and quiet among beautiful surroundings or the liveliness of a busy hotel within easy reach of movies and Bermuda's Fifth Avenue.

For the former you cannot beat the St. George's Hotel or Frascati's, but somehow or other I usually find myself sooner or later back at the Bermudiana where I can listen to a first-class orchestra and watch the latest steps of collegiate dancing and listen to Bob Blackman spin one of his yarns.

There are certain things that every visitor to

Bermuda ought to do for the sake of politeness as well as for the experience of doing them: the first is to call at Government House and sign the visitors' book, and the second is to make a similar call at Admiralty House.

Both trips are made by horse carriage from the hotel and give you an opportunity of seeing two of the loveliest gardens in Bermuda.

Another piece of advice I would give, if you are looking for a complete change: that is to avoid reading the American newspapers, but instead read the Bermuda daily paper, the *Royal Gazette and Colonist.* By doing so, you will gradually acquire the Bermuda spirit and be better able to appreciate the novelty of your surroundings.

Bermuda is a perfectly grand place to shop, but be sure to remember that the leading stores—from ladies' underwear to wines—are owned by the most prominent Bermudians and are actually run by them.

And now with Hamilton as our headquarters, let us explore the surrounding country.

Chapter Six

Through the Train Window: Hamilton to Somerset

*Probably the most delightful feature of Ber-*muda is the absence of the motorcar. Until recently, Bermudians could boast that there was not an automobile upon the islands; probably one of the greatest mistakes the government ever made was to permit itself to purchase a few motor trucks for watering the streets, yet even these are rarely seen. Not even the Governor himself is permitted to own a car, but must go about his business behind a horse.

Bermuda may therefore be described as a sanctuary for horses and a paradise for sparrows!

For thirty years Bermudian modernists waged

a war for some system of modern transportation and at last they managed to persuade the government to permit the construction of a scenic railway that now traverses the islands from one end to the other.

It is true that this railway cannot boast a Twentieth Century Limited, but in spite of the fact that it is one of the smallest railroads in the world, being only twenty-two miles long, it has now become more important to the tiny community it serves than many of the huge transcontinental systems have to other countries.

From an engineering standpoint, whether from necessity or design, this railroad combines in itself nearly every great mistake known to the profession, from reversed curves on trestle bridges to steep gradients on curves in the middle of deep cuttings.

However, the result makes a trip on the Bermuda Railway an unusually beautiful and thrilling adventure that should not be missed on any account.

No matter whether your stay in Bermuda is to be short or long, the first thing to do is to travel

from one end of the islands to the other, by train. With Hamilton as a starting point, a round trip can be made to either end of the islands in two hours.

There are two classes on the trains, first and second; tickets are purchased from the conductor, to whom you confide exactly where you wish to alight, otherwise you are apt to find yourself at the terminus of the line before you have settled down comfortably in your seat.

If you are traveling towards Somerset, be sure to sit on the right-hand side of the train facing the engine; but when traveling towards St. George's, the best side to sit on is the left.

The trains are motor driven, so that there is no smoke or cinders; as for speed, it might best be described as negligible!

Only a few weeks ago, during a violent thunderstorm, the train collided with a farmer's cart. Seeing that an accident could not be avoided, the conductor of the train reached ahead of the train and hoisted the farmer into the train, but allowed the horse to be gently shoved down the embankment.

The farmer sued the railway company for damages but lost his case for being too sleepy to whip up his horse and beat the train.

At a word from the traffic cop on Front Street, the engine gives a toot, and the journey to Somerset commences.

On your left are the oldest and most famous stores in Bermuda; notice the names and you will know that the proprietors are descendants of the shipwrecked mariners of 1609. Trimminghams, Butterfields, Goslings, Darrells, Outerbridges, Spurlings are just a few of the names you will glimpse as you glide slowly along, accompanied and passed by innumerable bicycles and carriages.

On your right are the docks, piled high with Bermuda's exports and imports although since the repeal of Prohibition you will no longer see the mountains of whisky that used to grace the wharves, waiting for modern pirates to transport them to thirsty America.

The train first stops at the Cenotaph, which you will see on your left, and behind it is the House of Assembly, Bermuda's Parliament.

This Lower House, which is elected every seven years and consists of 36 members (four from each parish), is the oldest representative institution in the British Empire. So conservative are Bermudians that it has been said of them, "The laws of the Medes, Persians and Bermudians shall not be altered," although one of Bermuda's greatest personalities remarked, "They have a hell of a lot of laws but damned little justice!"—a state of affairs not peculiar to Bermuda.

As a matter of fact, visitors to Bermuda would find plenty of free entertainment by attending a session of the House of Assembly or even the local police court.

One of the stewards on the *Queen of Bermuda,* having been arrested for being drunk and disorderly, was hauled before the magistrate.

Knowing the failings of this particular man, one of the ship's officers had already posted a fine of ten shillings in care of the police, so that the case had been disposed of and the fine paid before the offense was committed; Bermudian efficiency.

In another case, a man had been arrested for

stealing a turkey, but the witnesses for both the prosecution and the defense were such obvious liars that the magistrate decided the case by appropriating the turkey for his own Christmas dinner, and dismissed the case.

By the time you have read this story, the train will have started for Somerset, so look to your right: across the bay you will see the parish of Paget.

The train now crosses a high trestle bridge and enters Paget. Look out of the window on either side and notice the masses of blue Morning Glories and scarlet Hibiscus.

Don't feel sorry for the Bermuda chickens that you see cooped up in tiny cages or hidden in small caves, because this is done for their own protection against hurricanes. Many a chicken has been blown away by a sudden squall; in fact, during the summer season it is not unusual to anchor chickens by means of a heavy ball and chain.

What Bermudians feed their chickens is one of the great mysteries of the islands, because all the scraps are commandeered for the most famous dish on the islands, the Bermuda Pepper Pot.

Very few visitors have ever tasted Pepper Pot because it is usually a family secret, so I pass it on to my reader as a thrill not to be missed.

Each year at Christmas, when scraps are most numerous, the annual Pepper Pot is started on its career. A large earthenware pot is first filled with chopped-up pig's head, to which is added plenty of red peppers, salt, water and four tablespoons full of cassareep.

After several days' simmering, the Pepper Pot is ready for the next twelve months. Every day after a meal has been had from the pot, all scraps are placed in the pot and brought to a boil.

Like the widow's cruse, no Bermudian's Pepper Pot is ever empty and the older the contents of the pot, the tastier the meal.

By this time, the train is just stopping at Hospital Station and you will notice that the country is wilder, with plenty of lovely red Lantana in evidence everywhere. Here and there are small plantations of bananas that thrive in the rich red soil.

Just as we left Rural Hill station, a lady rushed after the train shouting "Please don't go without

me!" The train stopped obligingly and the passenger having been gathered up, started again and in a few moments pulled up at Elba Beach Station.

Here you are within a few minutes' walk of lovely Elba Beach where you can bathe from a beach that is as pink as a rose.

As you leave Elba Beach Station, look to your right and you will see the steeple of St. Paul's Church, but by the time you have noticed it, the train will stop at Ord Road, which is the place to alight if you wish to visit the church and call upon the genial Archdeacon Marriot.

Notice the Poinsettias growing twelve feet high and over there to your right you will get a glimpse of the rectory garden with some of the finest palms in Bermuda.

From Ord Road the train carries you on, through lily fields, strawberry gardens, palm trees and paw-paws until suddenly the rolling greens of the Belmont Manor Golf Course come into view.

Far over to your right is the bright red roof of Belmont Manor Hotel. Although this is an eighteen-hole course, you have to be careful how you play

golf, otherwise you are apt to knock the ball clean out of the country!

After leaving Belmont Manor Station you will notice on your right many quaint old Bermudian cottages and one very old ruined house that will one day be restored by some wealthy visitor. That tower on your right belongs to the Presbyterian Church: Christ Church.

If you are a Presbyterian, it will interest you to know that the first minister on Bermuda was George Keith, a Scotch Presbyterian who came to the islands in 1612.

In 1748, services were held here by the celebrated English evangelist, George Whitefield, in whose diary is the following entry; "Sunday March 27th 1748. Glory be to God! I hope this has been a profitable Sunday to many souls. Both morning and afternoon I preached to a large auditory in Mr. Paul's small meeting house, which, I suppose contains about 400."

But here we are again at another station, Khyber Pass, so named after a deep canyon-like cut in the coral rock, which can be seen from the station on

your left. If you are interested in geology, by all means stop and examine the walls of Khyber Pass.

As the train proceeds, you will notice on your right a large marsh that is gradually being reclaimed. This is a little piece of Bermuda in the raw! with plenty of native Palmettos still standing.

From this point onwards the train ride becomes more and more beautiful. Ahead of you just as the train arrives at Riddell's Bay Station, you get your first sight of Gibbs Hill Lighthouse, constructed on the highest spot in Bermuda.

If golf interests you, alight at Riddell's Bay and after playing eighteen holes of golf, partake of a little light refreshment at the Volstead Inn; but if you are still on the train, then look to your right and you will see Somerset and Ireland Island, far away across the bay.

On your left is a fine example of a Coral Quarry with a closer view of Gibbs Hill Lighthouse.

Lighthouse Station is an important place to stop, for within a short walk is the lighthouse itself, from which you can get the most comprehensive view of the Bermuda Islands.

The top of the lighthouse is 379 feet above the sea and can be reached by means of a spiral stairway. By the time you have climbed to the top, you will be ready to climb down again and make straight for the Waterlot Inn, one of the most charming and famous inns in Bermuda. No visit to Bermuda is complete without taking tea or an Old Bermuda Punch at the Waterlot Inn. Be sure and meet Miss Claudia Darrell the "proprietor," who is only rivaled in eminence by the lighthouse itself (see Who's Who).

As the train leaves Lighthouse Station, notice on your right the wrecks of two old naval vessels, also Spectacle Island and Heart Island; also notice that for the first time since leaving Hamilton the train seems to wake up and race along at about fifteen miles an hour, dashing madly past Somers College for Boys on your right and Sea Ridge School for Girls.

You are now in the very center of Bermuda's agricultural section; practically all of the produce intended for the United States being shipped from here.

This is the part of Bermuda to see in the summer-

time, because the fields are hedged with magnificent Oleanders, red, white and pink.

Just after leaving Evans Bay Station, you will see on your right Emmanuel Resident Methodist Church. The train then crosses a high trestle bridge, thoughtfully constructed on a sharp curve and then comes to a stop at George's Bay Station.

On your left is a typical Bermudian cricket field with a cement runway, also quite a number of cows which, like most Bermudian animals, are "anchored."

The train now runs along the shore line with wonderful views of the multicolored sea, stopping once more at Bridge Hill.

Ahead of you is a high steel bridge over the sea from which you get an excellent view to your left, of Ely's Harbour, Wreck Hill and the ancient Somerset Bridge.

This quaint old bridge that carries the main highway to Ireland Island, is provided with a slot about a foot wide. Normally this slot is covered with a steel plate so that carriages can cross the bridge, but should a small sailing vessel wish to

pass under the bridge, the slot is uncovered so that the mast of the vessel can cross the road!

Within a short walk of Somerset Bridge Station is one of the most famous sights of Bermuda, the Cathedral Rocks, where the coral cliffs have been sculptured by wind and waves until they now resemble the stately pillars of a cathedral.

Cathedral Rocks is a favorite spot for honeymoon couples!

By this time the train has made a wide sweep so that you get a grand view of Gibbs Hill Lighthouse on your right across the bay.

Do not be surprised if an elderly lady gives the train a Hitler salute at this point, but notice how promptly the driver stops the train and picks up this important passenger, for she is none other than Nattie's sister, Miss Minnie Hunt, who has the right to halt all trains (see Who's Who).

From this point until the train reaches the terminus at Somerset, the scenery gets wilder and wilder, so that it is not difficult to realize that you are in the remotest and most romantic part of the whole of Bermuda.

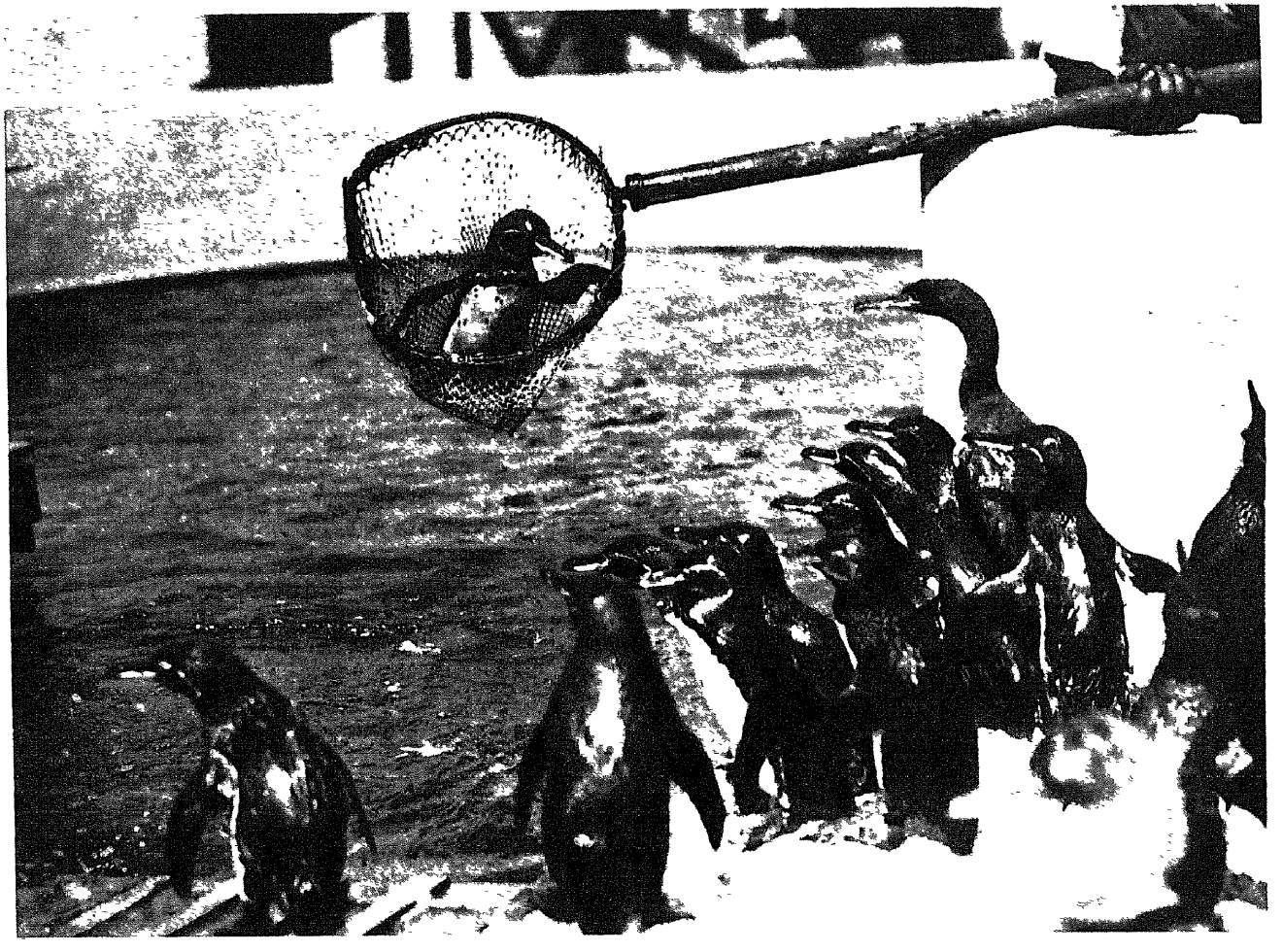
There are several places in Somerset where refreshments can be secured, and it will be well worth your while to spend a few hours exploring the part of Bermuda that inspired Hervey Allen to write his monumental novel *Anthony Adverse.* The house in which he lived is named "Felicity Hall," and while it is not "open to the public," permission can usually be obtained to see the old slave quarters in which the novelist worked for many years.

Incidentally, Felicity Hall should be spelt "Haul."

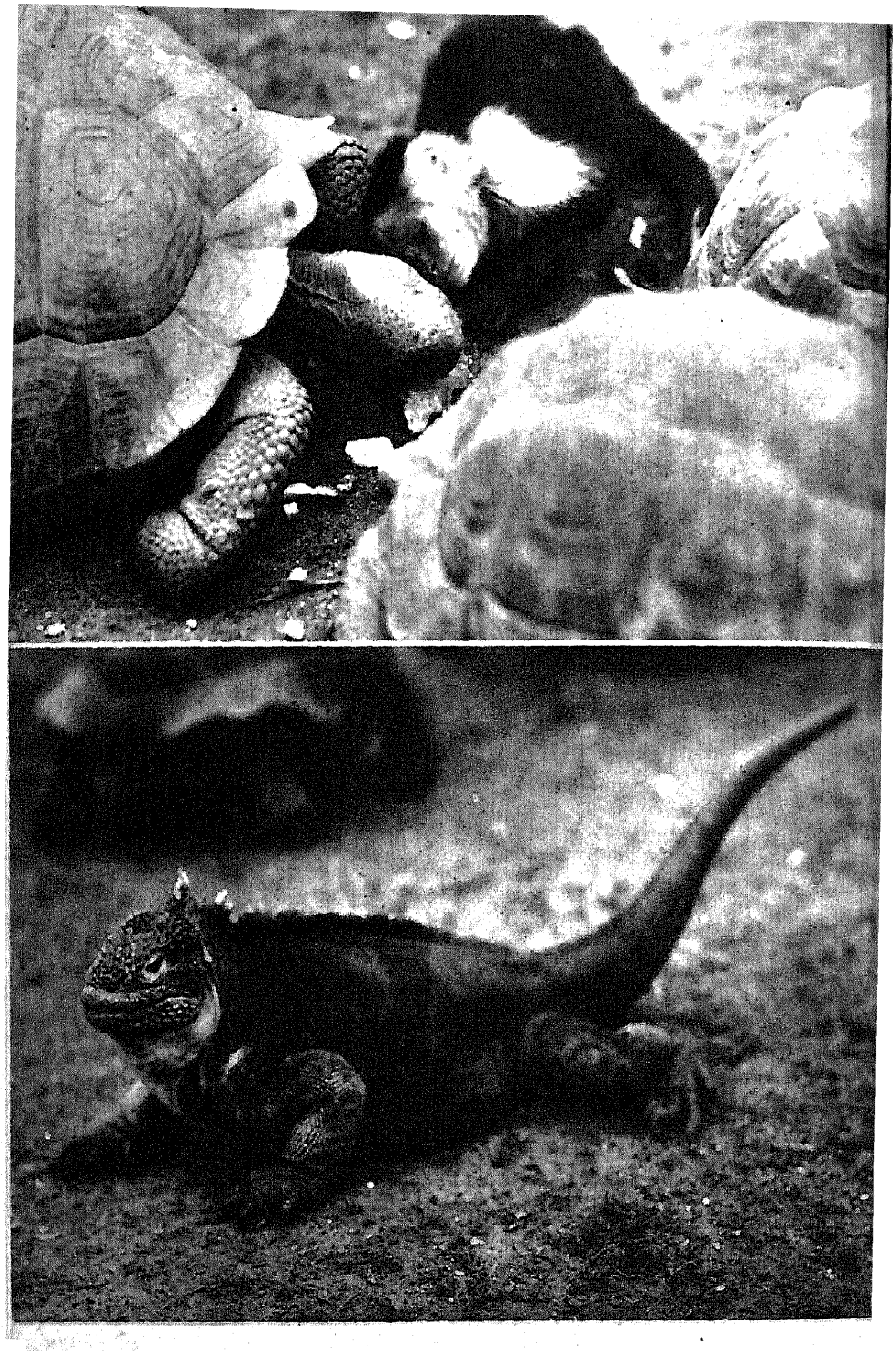
The Legend of Felicity Hall is briefly as follows:

In 1652, a cavalier gentleman named Donald Dalzell de Courcey, Esq., who had witnessed the execution of his sovereign, Charles the First, emigrated to Bermuda in the hopes of escaping the wrath of Oliver Cromwell. Being a small holder in the old Bermuda Company, he succeeded in acquiring a small piece of property at Somerset, which was then, as it still is, the wildest and least known part of Bermuda.

His nearest neighbor was the pirate Morgan who lived at Wreck Hill and amused himself by en-



It used to be said that the farthest north for penguins was the Galapagos Islands. A whole colony of Galapagos penguins now thrive in Bermuda, but they show no signs of desiring to migrate to the Antarctic.



In some future generation, scientists will speculate on the presence in the Bermuda Islands of Galapagos giant tortoises, huge sea lizards and monkeys.

Calabash trees are fairly common in Bermuda where the fruit is used for making ornaments and "dippers."

Tom Moore's calabash tree has to be protected from vandals by a fence. It is said that ever since he immortalized it in a poem the tree has refused to bear any fruit.

Left to itself, Bermuda would undoubtedly revert to a tangle of semi-tropical vegetation. This little bit of virgin Bermuda shows how the Islands must have appeared in the days of Admiral Somers.

While America has her parking problem for automobiles, Bermuda has an even greater problem of parking bicycles.

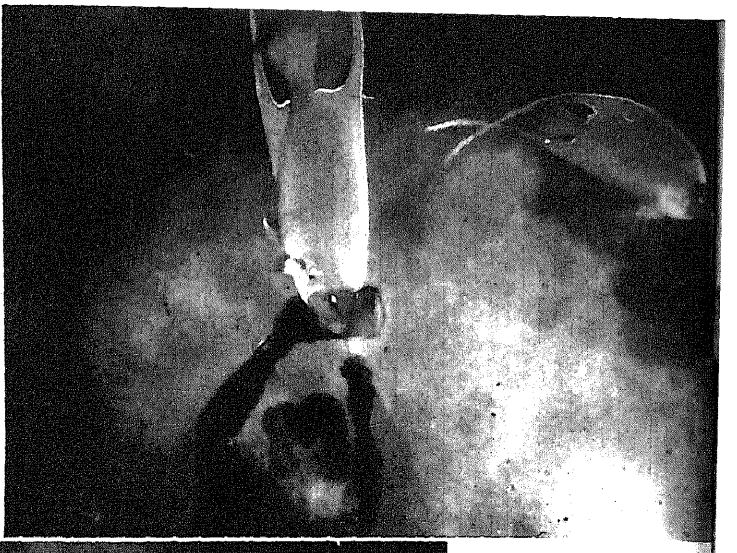
If you ever see an old Bermuda house surrounded by bicycles, you may know that there is a cocktail party inside.

The Mangrove tree grows abundantly in Bermuda.

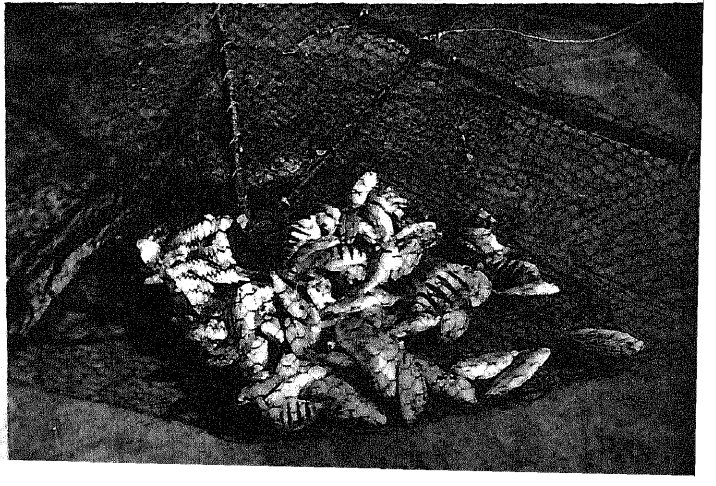
In 1543 the Portuguese adventurer, Ferdinando Camelo, is supposed to have landed in Bermuda and left his calling card at Spanish Rock. The date, carved deep in the rock, is now protected by plate glass.

Submarine exploration is no longer the monopoly of Dr. William Beebe. Arrangements can be made with the Government Aquarium to secure a complete diving equipment. Some of the loveliest scenery in Bermuda is under water.

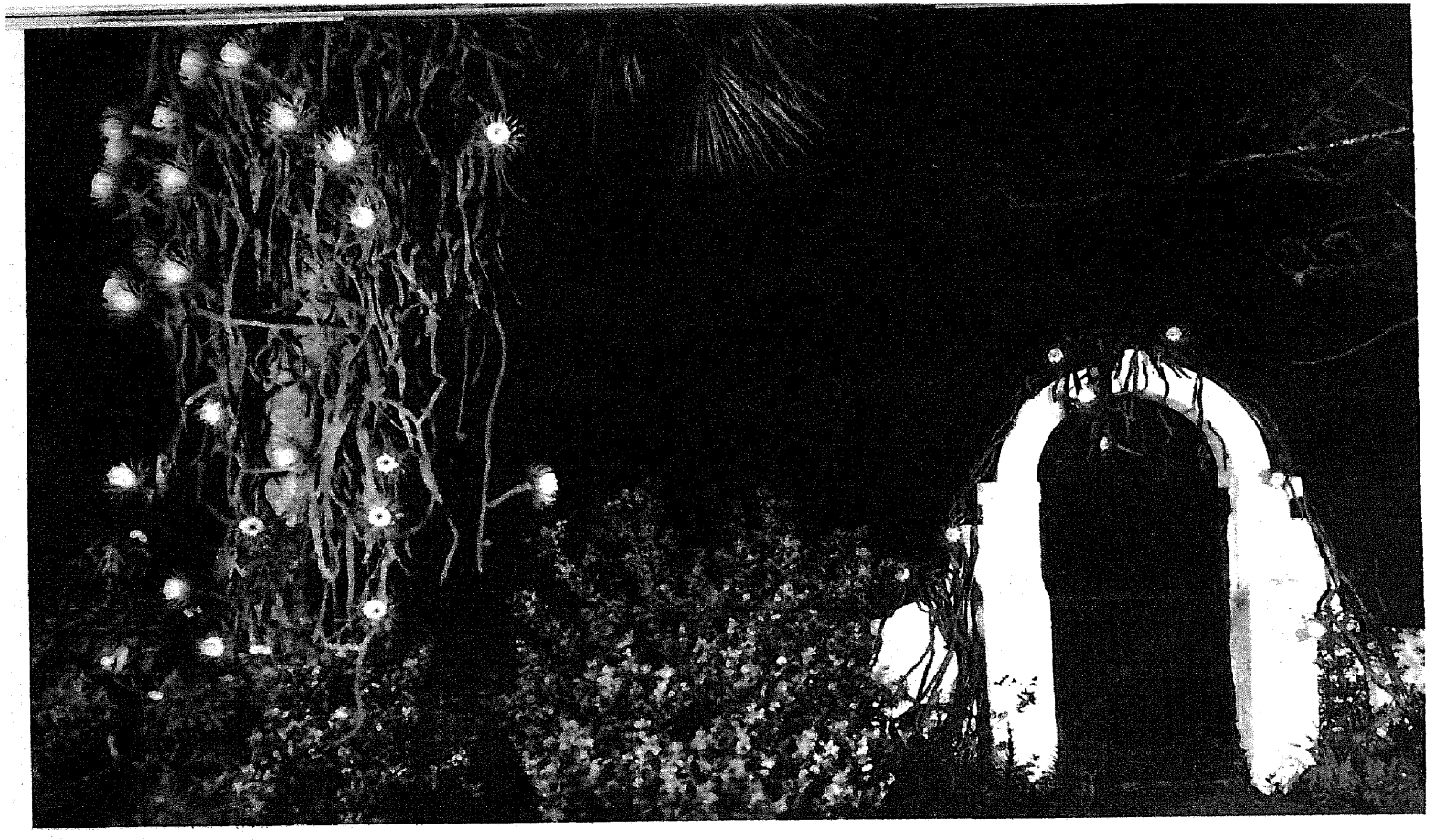
Here is a Bermuda sea horse on the gallop.



Photographing angel fish with an ordinary hand camera is a simple matter. These pictures were taken in the sea and not through the plate glass in the Aquarium. Although easy to photograph, these fish are extremely difficult to catch. Bermudians fish with fish, and here is a boat full of bait.

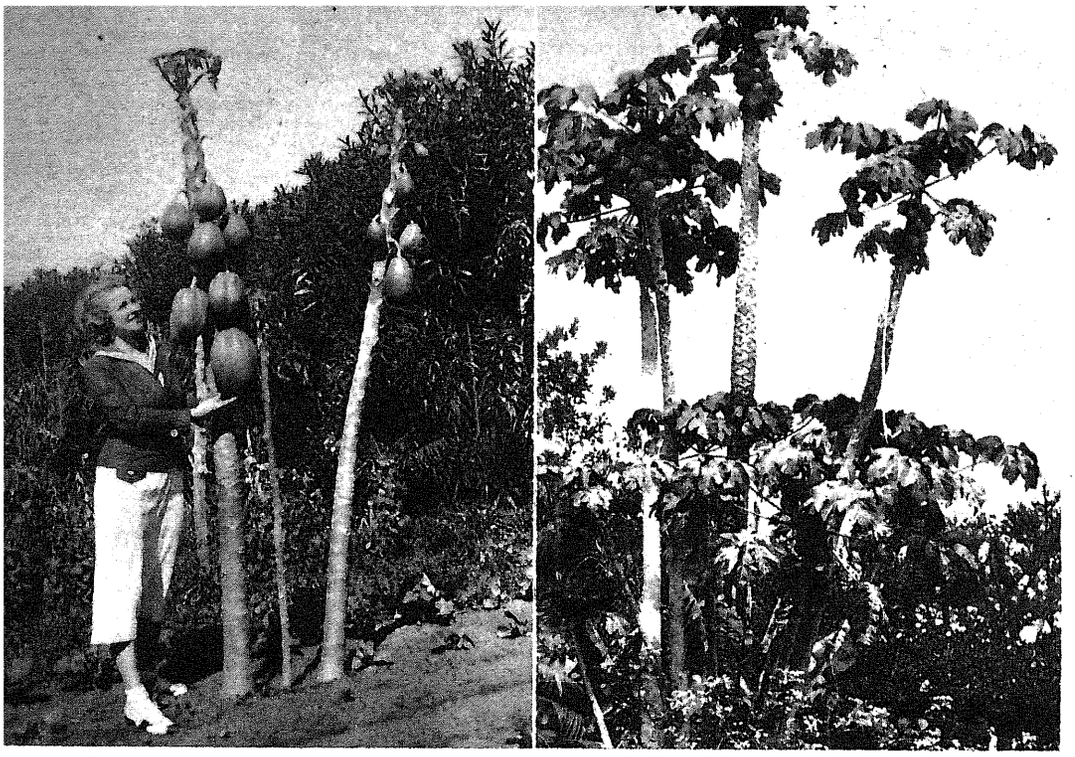


Few visitors to Bermuda take the trouble to go deep-sea fishing, but there is grand sport awaiting the angler.

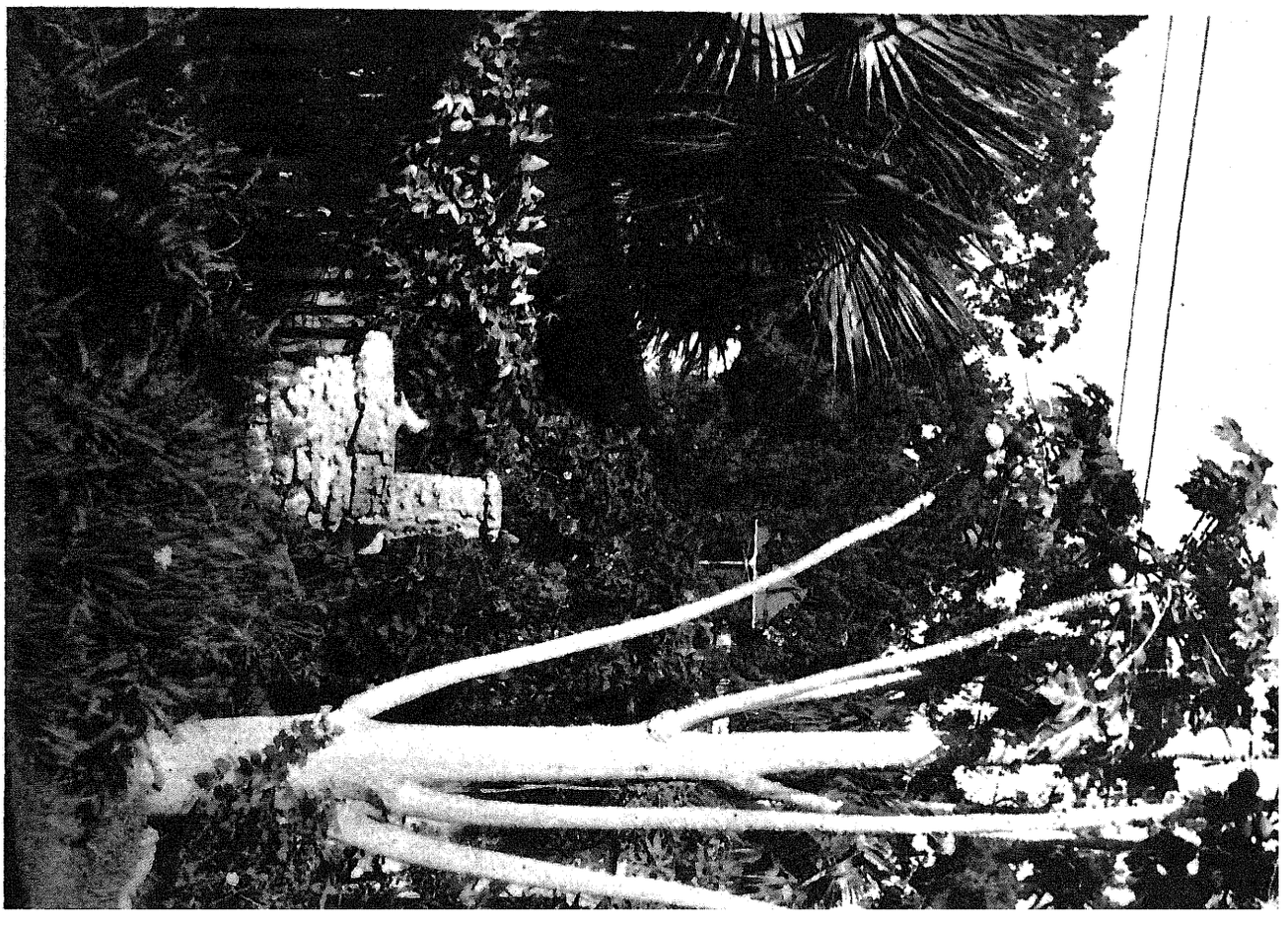


Of all Bermuda's lovely flowers, perhaps the weirdest is the night-blooming cereus.

The most wide-spread plant in the Bermuda Islands is the life-plant. It was, however, introduced. The flower which is indigenous to Bermuda is the pretty blue Bermudiana. The true Bermudian banana has a distinct flavor of strawberries. Passion flowers are very common.



The paw-paw (papaya) is one of the commonest fruit trees in the Islands. Rich in pepsin, the fruit is a cure for indigestion. Another peculiarity of the paw-paw tree is its ability to change its sex when necessary.



It is frequently stated that paw-paw trees have no branches, but apparently the paw-paws of Bermuda are the exception that prove the rule.

St. George's is a town of old houses and lovely little lanes like this. Some people say that the shades of Tom Moore and his sweetheart, Nea, are sometimes seen strolling through the streets of St. George's.

ticing unsuspecting vessels on to the reefs by lighting bonfires on the top of the hill.

A strong friendship sprang up between Morgan and Dalzell which culminated in their boarding and capturing a Spanish galleon that unwisely approached too close to Wreck Hill.

After capturing the vessel's crew, they wrecked her and divided her valuable cargo between them.

It so happened that there was a very pretty Spanish girl on board named Felicia, who was being taken to Spain against her will to marry some old fossil.

Saved from a distasteful marriage, she fell in love with the gallant gentleman pirate, Dalzell de Courcey, who married her and accepted his share of the wreck as Felicia's dowry!

The happy couple named their house "Felicity Haul" but by the time Hervey Allen rented the same house from my cousin, Dalzell's descendants had become rather touchy on the subject of piracy, so that the name had been changed to "Felicity Hall."

The last Bermudian Dalzell was my grandmother,

Sally Dalzell, who was for many years the matron of the naval hospital on Ireland Island, but Felicity Hall is still in the family and is one of the quaintest old houses in the islands.

Somerset attained international fame in December, 1932, when Mrs. G. de C. Morrell, to whom Felicity Hall has descended after many generations, organized a mock funeral of Bermuda justice.

She and her mother, Mrs. Thalia Misick, as leaders of the Woman Suffrage Society, annually refuse to pay their taxes as a protest against taxation without representation, and are annually sold out!

On this particular occasion, members of the Suffrage Society attended the public auction, dressed in deep mourning and carrying wreaths which they solemnly laid on the steps of Somerset Police Station in memory of departed justice!

Chapter Seven

Through the Train Window: Hamilton to St. George's

Having made the train journey from Hamilton to Somerset, you cannot do better than continue your exploration of Bermuda by taking the train from Hamilton to St. George's. So, let's board the "Coral Queen" that leaves Hamilton at 10:12 A.M., being sure to sit on the left-hand side of the train facing the engine.

The trip to St. George's is a complete contrast to the one to Somerset. Once again the white helmeted traffic cop on Front Street having started you on your journey, the train suddenly dives into a tunnel under the gardens of the Bermudiana Hotel. First stop is Bermudiana Hotel Station, where you

can watch the engine driver manipulate the key upon which your safety depends. Notice him alight from the engine carrying a large key, with which he disappears into a small shed, sheltering an automatic machine which delivers a fresh key to the driver only if the section ahead is clear.

For several minutes the train travels through huge cuttings in the white coral, some of which have been painted green as an experiment in modernistic camouflage. On your left is the sports ground of the Bermuda Athletic Association and far off to the left is the Electric Light and Power Station that is responsible for lighting the smallest street lamps on earth, even smaller than the ones used in Scotland!

Suddenly you arrive at Tennis Stadium Station, and on your right is the scene of many a famous international tennis match.

On your right also beyond the Stadium is Marsh Folly, so named because about half a million dollars was spent trying to convert the marsh into a race track without any appreciable result.

Government House is on the top of the hill to

your left opposite Marsh Folly, while across the marsh you get a good view of Hamilton Cathedral.

From Race Course Station the railway rises steeply through deep cuttings to Pond Hill Station. This section of Bermuda is thickly settled with colored people in whose gardens may be seen growing,—Tapioca.

Prospect Station is close to Prospect Barracks where the Parade Service at ten o'clock on Sunday mornings takes place and is well worth witnessing.

On leaving Prospect Station the train commences to skirt the sea along the North Shore and if you keep your eyes open you will notice the distinct patches of different colored water, frequently red, white and blue according to the different colored reefs beneath the surface. On your right is Prospect Hospital for soldiers and the Garrison Golf Course, sporty but only a nine-holer.

From Devonshire Station the train begins to gather speed and it may interest engineers to know that the superelevation on curves is designed for a maximum speed of thirty miles an hour.

On your right are the lofty masts of the Wireless

Station while ahead of you is the longest railroad bridge, three-quarters of a mile long. When the train stops at Frascati Flatts, look to your left and you will see Gibbet Island crowned with a wooden pole. This island was once a place of execution for criminals, and being haunted, has remained deserted, especially at night.

As the train passes over the Flatts bridge, look to your right and you will see the quaint little Flatts Village and Frascati's Hotel.

In this village is a Mahogany Tree, the only one in Bermuda, but famous for being counted so often by Mark Twain.

One of the most remarkable sights at Flatts Village is the amazing color of the sea water, which is generally bright pale green and clear as crystal.

A few generations ago, Flatts was a prosperous commercial seaport, which accounts for the number of massive-looking warehouses, but encroaching sand has now made the harbor too shallow for large vessels and the village has returned to a sleepy existence. If you eventually find yourself staying at Frascati's, be sure and visit the rectory at the Flatts

Village and notice the inscription over the front door which reads:

Through this wide opening gate, none comes too early none returns too late.

Attached to the back of the slave quarters is a strange little receptacle in which, according to the late rector, the Reverend Mr. Havard, the slaves kept a barrel of rum. This explanation always annoyed another old resident, who has since passed away, Miss Anna Maria Outerbridge, who was a strict prohibitionist and insisted that the slaves did not keep a barrel of rum at all but used the place for a filter!

In the days of Mr. Havard, there was an annual garden party in the rectory to which the governor was invited and admission charged to see the governor. "It helps the cause," the rector explained to me.

Within ten minutes' drive of the Flatts Station is one of Bermuda's most celebrated sights, "The Devil's Hole," a paradise for both fishermen and fish, because the former never fail to haul up several

enormous fish and the latter always get the bait without being caught.

A small bridge spans this natural aquarium and the thing to do is to fish from the bridge with the lines and bait provided by the proprietor of the hole. No hooks are allowed; in fact, they are quite unnecessary because there are suckers at both ends of the line. The moment the bait touches the water it is seized by a fish that weighs anywhere from five to fifteen pounds, and while one sucker pulls up the fish, the other sucks frantically at the juicy bait until it is in danger of being grabbed, when it immediately lets go and falls back into the water.

Many visitors wonder whether these fish are wild or merely trained to annoy fishermen. On one occasion, a lady had quite a violent argument with her husband who contended that the fish were wild.

She happened to be carrying in her arms a small toy terrier (the kind of dog that just looks like a dog), so to prove her point that the fish were tame, the lady threw her pet into the pool, whereupon one of the fish swallowed the whole dog.

But it's time to return to the train and carry on to Aquarium Station where carriages are always at hand to transport you to the Bermuda Government Aquarium, which is easily the best show on the islands, not only having one of the finest collections of tropical fish in the world but also a collection of Sea Lizards, Turtles and Penguins brought to Bermuda from the Galapagos Islands by Bermuda's indigenous explorer, Mr. L. Mowbray. (See Who's Who)

The Aquarium also possesses some Ring-tailed monkeys which are kept on purpose to keep the Galapagos Turtles, or Giant Tortoises, in a happy frame of mind.

There are now nineteen of these interesting turtles, one of which has increased in weight from eleven to seventy-six pounds within the last five years and is still going strong.

Regarding the Sea Lizards, of which there are eight, an interesting experiment is now in progress. It appears that Mr. Charles Darwin, who first reported the existence of these huge reptiles on Galapagos, regarded them as unique examples of the

survival of the fittest, because he found them stranded on those volcanic islands with nothing to eat but seaweed.

Mr. Mowbray, desiring to find out whether they could exist on a coral island where they would find plenty to eat besides seaweed, placed the lizards on Charles Island, one of the islands near St. George's, with unexpected results.

Soon after the lizards had been released on Charles Island, a party of very important Bermudian gentlemen happened to visit the island after a dinner party. The first man who landed noticed several fearsome-looking lizards, but discreetly did not mention the matter; neither did the other gentlemen, although they gave one another rather furtive glances. Finally they sailed away, silently but thoughtfully. The suspense was becoming painful when one of the three remarked: "Say! did either of you fellows notice a lot of huge lizards on Charles Island?"

It appeared that they had all three seen the lizards but hadn't dared to mention them!

The result was an unusually interesting session

in the House of Assembly, orders being issued to the director of the Aquarium to round up the lizards and place them where they could not scare any visiting Rotarians or Shriners.

In the meantime, two of the lizards swam to Tucker's Town Beach and returned to the Aquarium, but the others are evidently having the time of their lives reverting to normalcy.

But here I am talking about lizards when we have yet to finish our train journey to St. George's, so let us continue from Aquarium Station.

The train now travels rapidly along the shore of Shelly Bay.

On your right is the Shelly Bay Race Track, half a mile around, where there is horse racing several times a year. That building on your right with the square tower is the African Methodist Church.

The train now crosses a low girder bridge and stops at Crawl Station. This is a favorite place for giving horses a bath in the sea—watch out for them on your left. Ahead of you but slightly to the left you can see Ferry Point and the old Martello Tower.

The next bridge is numbered 35, and it may surprise you to know that the Bermuda Railway has 52 bridges; in fact, ten per cent of the whole railway consists of bridges. Not counting private halts, the railway also has forty stations in twenty-two miles, which accounts for the average speed between Somerset and St. George's being only eleven miles an hour.

After passing bridge 35 (ask the conductor), notice on your right a typical water catchment area, and then watch for the private halt of Mr. Hastings Outerbridge and Mrs. Constable.

The last time I traveled this way, a servant stopped the crack train of the island and took delivery of a pound of pork chops.

Be sure to notice the private railway waiting room that has been built for the benefit of these two neighbors; notice the partition in the middle of the waiting room, so that the neighbors may wait for the train without being forced to pass the time of day!

Bailey's Bay Station is one of the most important of all, for here you alight in order to explore the

Caves, Tom Moore's Tavern, the Swizzle Inn, the Castle Harbour Hotel, Tuckers Town, Mid-Ocean Golf Course, the Jungle and Bermuda's Perfume factory.

If you are a total abstainer, then refresh yourself at the Pig 'n' Whistle, otherwise wait until you reach Tom Moore's Tavern.

From Bailey's Bay Station the train continues along the cliffs to Ferry Point.

If you have been to Bermuda before, look out to sea on your left and you will miss one of Bermuda's oldest sea monuments, the old hulk that used to be anchored off the shore and that was a source of mystery to many. All that is now left of her is her name *Shah* in Persian characters, which you will find in St. George's Historical Society. Built in 1873 in England, the *Shah* was a frigate with a complement of 602 officers and men. It was never intended to call her the *Shah* but the time of her launching coinciding with the visit of the old Shah of Persia to England, His Unimpeachable and Glorious Majesty was invited to christen her, so he decided to name her after himself.

On the same visit to England, the Shah happened to be riding in a carriage with the local mayor, when some little boys amused themselves by thumbing their noses at the Oriental potentate who watched the proceedings with great interest.

"What are they doing?" inquired the Shah.

"Giving you a good old English salute," replied the mayor, trying to hide his embarrassment.

On reaching the railway station from which he was to leave for London, the Shah leaned out of the window just as the train pulled out and politely thumbed his nose to the mayor and delegation who were seeing him off.

After twenty years' service in the navy, the *Shah* was towed to Bermuda to become a coal hulk in the service of Mr. W. Meyer of St. George's and for another forty-two years she remained at anchor and became the subject of all kinds of exciting yarns, but in November, 1934, Mr. Meyer sold her and she was towed to Europe to be broken up.

This explanation will save conductors on Bermuda's trains from answering the same question dozens of times a day.

The train is now nearing Ferry Point Station, a convenient stopping place in case you are on your way to Castle Grotto Caves, the Blue Hole or Tom Moore's Tavern. Speedboats are usually waiting to carry you across lovely Castle Harbour Sound to the caves.

Before reaching the station, the train passes over a long swing-span bridge. Look to your right and you will get a splendid view of the Causeway, nearly two miles long, that connects the rest of Bermuda with St. George's Island. If you happen to be in Bermuda during the summer season when the Whistling Frogs are to be heard in all parts of Bermuda west of the Causeway, you cannot help noticing the comparative silence in St. George's. Bermudians will explain that only one of these little frogs that sing like canaries has managed to cross the long Causeway and that everyone hopes and prays that it will never get a mate, otherwise the peaceful calm of St. George's nights will quickly be broken by the incessant whistling of these uninvited guests.

The causeway traverses Long Bird Island for

about a mile, and it was upon this island that the shipwrecked Bermudians first encountered the birds which settled upon them when they "whooped" as I described in Chapter One.

From the train window, as you cross the Swing Bridge, you get a grand view to your right of Castle Harbour, St. David's Island crowned with a lighthouse, Nonsuch Island and Castle Island.

If you look straight ahead along the railroad track, you will see the old Martello Tower built in 1822 as a part of Bermuda's fortifications.

After leaving Ferry Point Station you will see on your right a quaint old cemetery, while far across the water you get a fine view of the Castle Harbour Hotel.

That lake on your right is known as Lover's Lake because some young lady told her lover to jump in the lake in a moment of anger.

The water rises and falls with the tide and was one of the greatest disappointments to Sir George Somers and his men.

Watch out for a branch in the railroad to your right. This is the private siding that was con-

structed for Mr. Vincent Astor whose tiny "bungalow" is one of the largest edifices in Bermuda and hidden by the trees. It is said that an army of architects was engaged to explore the whole of Bermuda and select the most attractive feature of every old Bermuda house they could find. All these features were then incorporated in Mr. Astor's "bungalow" which is a regular encyclopedia of Bermudian architecture.

An old Bermudian told me confidentially that this "bungalow" would one day be a convenient refuge for President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, when the New Deal had run its course, but that he hoped to God he would leave his brain-trusters behind him.

Now take a quick glance out of the back of the train and you will see the very tip of Ireland Island, far away in Somerset.

That ugly-looking wharf jutting into the sea on the left belongs to the West Indian Oil Company, the only serious blot upon Bermuda's landscape. Shut your eyes as you pass those hideous oil tanks and then watch for some interesting old wrecks

on your right as the train stops at Mullet Bay Halt.

Ahead of you is the famous Bridge of Sighs, consisting of a sharp reverse curve on a trestle and an upgrade! Every time the train negotiates this bridge successfully, the engineer heaves a sigh of relief.

On leaving Wellington Station, you can see on your right the newest bridge in the Bermuda Islands, connecting St. David's Island to the rest of Bermuda. Across the waters of Mullet Bay on your right, you can also see two large white areas on a hill on St. David's Island.

These are not lily fields but huge water catchment areas, where the surface earth has been scraped away to expose the natural coral rock.

At the base of these areas are the huge tanks that collect the precious drinking water.

But here we are, entering the terminus at St. George's, so how about a Planters Punch in the bar of the St. George's Hotel? Remember, however, that it is said of Planters Punch that one is plenty, two are too many but three are not enough.

Chapter Eight

Exploring Bermuda by Bicycle

The railway trip from Somerset to St. George's can be regarded only as an appetizer for further exploration; although it enables you to make a rapid survey of the islands and is by far the best way to spend your time provided your stay is limited to perhaps only a few hours, it can never give you the real atmosphere of Bermuda.

Without doubt, the principal means of transportation for the Bermudians themselves is the "push-bike," and for that reason Bermuda is probably the best place in the world to purchase a bicycle.

Therefore, if you have just arrived in Bermuda and propose to stay for a week or longer, lose no

time but arrange to hire a bike which you can take with you on the train and use for the side trips that make Bermuda so delightful. Should you be given to wearing shorts, be careful that they are not too short otherwise you will land in jail. If riding at night, don't forget to have a lamp on your bike, and if cycling in the summertime, watch out for toads!

I shall never forget being knocked off my bicycle by a toad that would have made an American Bull Frog look diminutive.

Being interested in wild animals, I inserted an advertisement in the *Royal Gazette,* offering twenty-five cents apiece for any Bermudian wild animals.

The result of that one advertisement was amazing: no sooner had I finished breakfast than a procession of colored boys arrived bearing sack-loads of toads and whistling frogs. After paying for twenty I announced that I had all I wanted, but rather than carry their sacks of toads away with them, the boys dumped them in my front garden which soon became a wriggling, hopping mass of the animals.

At last there arrived a small boy carrying a glass jar in which I recognized a prize. It was Bermuda's only indigenous land animal, a small lizard known as the Skink. Bermuda's frogs and toads have all been introduced, as have her several varieties of rats and mice.

Snakes are conspicuous by their absence so that you need have no fear of encountering any dangerous reptile, no matter how wild a place you decide to explore.

Mark Twain accused a Bermudian spider of stealing his boots, which were oversize, and I myself once had to separate a dog and a cockroach which were engaged in terrific battle, but both spiders and cockroaches are harmless and you are not likely to meet any unless you undertake to keep house. The spiders walk silently but the cockroaches make quite a noise when they scuttle across the kitchen!

Butterflies are quite rare and so are beetles and flying insects, so that with regard to insect pests and snakes, Bermuda certainly has all the advantages of the tropics without any of the disadvantages.

When it comes to birds, however, Bermuda is blessed indeed.

The most prominent being the Red Cardinal, the White Tropic Bird and the Eastern Bluebird. Catbirds are common; so is the White-eyed Vireo, locally called "Chick-of-the-village."

The habits of the White Tropic Bird are unusually interesting.

These lovely white birds with long sweeping tails, arrive in Bermuda in the late spring and remain until October. The best place to observe them is in Castle Harbour and the islands at the St. George's end of Bermuda.

They spend their time hovering over the sea watching for fish, which they capture by diving with a great splash into the water.

The bird then flies off with its prey to the nest, which is usually situated in some small hollow on the face of the cliffs. Although blessed with legs, the bird does not seem able to use them on land; you can watch it literally roll into its nest, feed its baby and then roll out again. Notice I said its "baby" because the Tropic Bird lays only one,

egg, but having reared its precious chick, the bird lays another egg in the hope of rearing a second baby before October. Occasionally it is successful but usually when the time comes for migrating south, the second chick is not fully fledged, so rather than desert it to die of starvation the distracted mother deliberately kills the chick by pushing it out of the nest.

The Bermuda Bluebird is distinctly lazy as it has a habit of waiting for a Red Cardinal to build its nest, which is then appropriated by the Bluebird for its own.

One of the most charming of Bermuda's birds is the tiny Ground Dove which often does not appear much larger than a puffed-up sparrow, but its "coo" is much larger than the bird! There is a local legend that the Ground Dove coos loudly only when it is scratching the ground for somebody's grave.

Including those in transit, over two hundred varieties of birds have been identified in Bermuda, and I can suggest no better way of exploring the islands, for nature lovers, than by bicycle armed

only with a pair of field glasses and a camera. Don't forget that most of the hotels are pleased to make up luncheon baskets for explorers who might otherwise miss a meal on the American Plan.

An unusually delightful bike ride is from Hamilton to Hungry Bay on the South Shore. On the way, visit the Bermuda Agricultural Station and the adjoining Public Garden.

Personally I always like to have an object at the end of any exploration and I positively hate to "go for a ride" merely for exercise.

The object of your ride to Hungry Bay is to see a typical Bermuda Mangrove Swamp and especially to see the famous Treeclimbing Crabs.

Having seen these crabs taking an airing in the branches of the trees and being anxious to know why, I inquired at one of America's great museums.

"Why do they climb trees!" exclaimed the curator airily. "Well, you see they happen to be Grapsoidea but although they do not have the same anatomical apparatus they behave like the Gecarcinoids!"

So now you know why Bermuda crabs climb the mangrove trees at Hungry Bay.

After exploring Hungry Bay, return to the South Shore Road and ride east towards St. George's to Spittal Pond, park your bike and make your way to the seashore in order to find Spanish Rock, the most historic relic in Bermuda. Carved in the rock, but now protected by means of a plate glass covering, is a monogram and a cross with the date 1543, supposed to have been left there by the Portuguese adventurer Ferdinando Camelo, who had received from the King of Spain a charter to settle the Bermudas.

Distances are so short in Bermuda that you will think nothing of cycling on to the Devil's Hole and then turning left to skirt Harrington Sound with the Government Aquarium as your destination.

If you remembered to bring your swimming suit with you, you can join the fishes by paying a fee of $2, because you can arrange to don a diving helmet and emulate Dr. William Beebe by exploring some of the Marine Gardens near the Aquarium.

There is no danger and after a few minutes' practice you will feel quite at home walking about among the sea fans and anemones.

The greatest surprise of all is to discover how tame the fish are; accepting you as one of themselves, all kinds of fish pass by on their business. Some are evidently going somewhere, others are making social calls, but the majority are just out for a swim taking the water!

The director of the Aquarium is a busy man, but if you are lucky enough to persuade Mr. Mowbray to conduct you personally through the Aquarium, you will have an unforgettable experience because he not only looks after the fish but actually caught them and what he doesn't know about fishing in Bermuda isn't worth knowing.

Be sure and see the Angler Fish that carries about with it, a line and bait; here is a fish that fishes for fish.

Inquire when they are going to feed the Octopus and make a point of watching this marine monster make a meal off a few crabs.

Those little fish with stripes upon them are

called Sergeant Majors for obvious reasons; then there are the Sea Horses, who swim with their fins, a most unusual thing for any fish to do.

It won't be long before you yourself are seized with a desire to go fishing, but the trouble about fishing in Bermuda is that the Bermudians fish with fish and it is quite a business to catch any fish to fish with. The first time I went fishing, I had to buy my bait from a pirate on Nonsuch Island, whose name was Brangman. Brangman told me that the best way to get a supply of bait was to place a live cat in a wire basket trap, take it out to sea and lower the cat to the bottom.

After three days pull up the basket which will be full of fish suitable for bait, which makes me think of a Scotchman whose wife was drowned. Several days after the tragedy he received a telegram, "Wife's body found covered with lobsters wire instructions"; he replied, "Sell lobsters reset bait!"

Don't let anyone persuade you that fishing in Bermuda isn't any good; just hire a local fisherman and I'll guarantee that you will have plenty of

sport with Red Squirrels, White Groupers and at least a try at catching the elusive Blue Angel Fish.

These lovely fish must be seen to be appreciated; they can be caught with a very small hook but it is a task for the most expert follower of Izaak Walton.

It is an easy matter, however, to see Angel Fish by towing behind your fishing boat, a glass-bottomed boat which can be hired for a few dollars.

Just tell your fisherman that you want to see some Angel Fish and he will take you to the reefs and allow you to drift along in your glass-bottomed boat, through which you can feast your eyes on Bermuda's exquisite submarine scenery. The colors of the fish are almost unbelievable, all the colors of the rainbow but the strange electric blue of the Angel Fish is one of the most beautiful sights you will ever see.

While it is, of course, much more fun to be independent and explore the Marine Gardens in your own glass-bottomed boat, it takes more time and costs more, so if time and money must be considered, don't forget that there are frequent trips

to the Marine Gardens from Hamilton, the round trip only costing $1.50.

Another delightful adventure is to take your bicycle on the Ferry from Hamilton to Somerset, land and ride back to Hamilton.

The best place to leave the Ferry is at Somerset Bridge, where you can park your bike and spend a couple of hours exploring Cathedral Rocks. While you rest on the soft beach at Cathedral Rocks, look across Ely's Harbour and you will see Wreck Hill, one of the most famous but least visited spots in Bermuda.

This part of Bermuda is one mass of Oleanders in the summer season but should you be in Bermuda at Eastertime, then you will pass through acres of Easter Lilies on your way back to Hamilton.

Before leaving the vicinity of Cathedral Rocks, ask some Bermudian to show you the milestone on the north side of the old fort on Scaur Hill which is close by; it is marked "London 3076 miles."

The best time to start cycling back to Hamilton is about four o'clock in the afternoon, because with the approach of sunset, the colors of the sea will

make you appreciate why I have called this book *Bermuda in Three Colors.* Take the Western Main Road to Inverurie Ferry which will carry you and your bike directly across Hamilton Harbour to Front Street.

Chapter Nine

Exploring Bermuda by Carriage

Bermuda has not always been a paradise without automobiles, for in January, 1908, Albert Spurling established an automobile service with one touring car which he named, "The Scarlet Runner," but within a few weeks people whose horses had performed every conceivable acrobatic feat from sitting on their haunches to standing on their heads, began to petition the government to prohibit the use of motor-driven vehicles.

The following is an extract from one of the petitions which was signed by Mark Twain and Woodrow Wilson:

> "This is one of the last refuges now left in the world to which one can come to escape such persons [motorists]. It would, in our opinion, be a fatal error to attract to Bermuda the extravagant and sporting set who have made so many other places entirely intolerable to persons of taste and cultivation."

Within two months "The Scarlet Runner" and all other automobiles were forbidden, and every horse on the island gave a neigh of relief.

Although the Bermuda Railway has proved to be a blessing, especially to Bermudian newly-weds, who delight in traveling from Somerset to St. George's, and vice versa, on a honeymoon trip that costs them only a few shillings, the horse and carriage is still an essential means of transportation, especially for people who have passed the age of bicycling.

If, therefore, you are as opposed to motorcars as was Mark Twain, do not forget to use Bermuda's carriages as much as possible.

Do not be misled by the moth-eaten appearance of some of the horses, for frequently the weirdest-looking animal is the descendant of a race horse.

People who are unaccustomed to riding behind a horse, especially a Bermudian horse, are apt to mistake the swish of the driver's whip for cruelty, especially when the horse responds so efficiently as to pass an express train. I know of no place in the world where the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is more alert than in Bermuda, so that a cruel driver is quickly brought to account.

When taking a carriage drive, it is best to leave the driver and his horse severely alone; they know their oats.

It is said that some time ago the Bishop of Bermuda hired a carriage to transport him from Hamilton to St. George's in order to preside at an early morning service in St. Peter's Church.

Being slightly late for his appointment, the bishop requested the driver to make the trip as expeditiously as possible, so with much swishing of the whip, they bowled merrily along at such a grand pace that the bishop remonstrated with the driver for

using his whip too much. The moment the whip was placed in its rest, the pace slackened to the well-known Bermudian crawl.

Once more the bishop complained, reminding the driver of dire consequences if he should cause him to be late for the service.

Slightly irritated, the driver gave the horse a good whack on the tail, which incidentally was the first time he had actually struck the animal. The result was most satisfactory, for the bishop arrived several minutes ahead of time.

Before entering the church, His Lordship decided to examine the horse in order to make sure the animal would be in a fit state to carry him back to Hamilton.

"My man," remarked the bishop doubtfully, "don't you think that your horse's hocks are swollen?"

To which the slightly out of temper driver replied, "There ain't nothing the matter with the 'orse's 'ocks nor his ass nor anything that is 'is!"

Like all the parsons in Bermuda, the bishop is a very good sport and doubtless derives plenty

of amusement from the numerous anecdotes concerning him, whether fictitious or not.

As an ordinary human being, the bishop's surname is Brown, but as the Bishop of Bermuda he signs himself correctly, "Arthur Bermuda"—a custom that led to an amusing incident when the very reverend gentleman visited a well-known hotel in another country and registered with his wife as "Arthur Bermuda and Mrs. Brown."

Raising his eyebrows at the bishop the room clerk remarked acidly; "Excuse me, sir, but this isn't that kind of a hotel!"

On another occasion the story is told of the bishop's visit to New York, where, being confused by the traffic he jay-walked.

Mistaking him for a Catholic priest, an Irish policeman stopped the bishop and while conducting him across the street, said:

"It's all right with me, Father, but you want to watch out for that other fellow," pointing to another traffic cop, "he's a bloody Protestant!"

But to return to the subject of carriages, I have no hesitation in stating that for sheer restful enjoy-

ment nothing can compare with exploring Bermuda in a carriage.

Take my advice and as soon as you have registered at your hotel, ask for a book of Bermuda Sight-seeing Coupons, which will enable you to see all the principal sights including several delightful carriage drives, for $14. But the beauty of this coupon arrangement is that the $14 is put upon your hotel bill and credit is given you for all the unused coupons, when you settle your bill.

In this way there is no argument with drivers about fares.

If you are interested in flowers, nothing can beat a carriage for observation. In the springtime, Bermuda is blessed with lovely Sweet Peas, Begonias, Freesias, Anemones and Geraniums. By Eastertime, Bermuda's famous Lilies are in full bloom and the Oleanders are showing signs of bursting into blossom.

All through the summer these lovely flowers that were originally imported from Charleston, South Carolina, line the roadways and cover the hedges.

Most of Bermuda's flowering trees, especially the

Pride of India and the gorgeous Poinciana, blossom in summertime.

Perhaps the most sensational of all Bermuda's summer flowers is the lovely Night-blooming Cereus, which opens after sunset.

As for Bougainvillea, you can see its vivid purple and red blossoms all the year round. Many varieties of Hibiscus are to be seen at all times although the summer is the time to see them in all their glory.

Crotons of many varieties thrive the year round and the only place where I have seen crotons to compare with Bermuda's is in the Malay Peninsula.

One of the most conspicuous trees in Bermuda is the Fiddlewood, whose leaves turn to all shades of gold, brown and red, apparently in defiance of any season.

You cannot help noticing the Pawpaw trees, for no Bermuda garden is complete without them. Some botanists have stated that the Pawpaw tree has no branches, but evidently the Bermudian variety is the exception to the rule. The trees are of two sexes, but frequently a group of male trees

lead a fruitless bachelor's existence until being fed up with such monotony, one of the males turns into a female and fruit results. This property of being able to change sex when necessary is a most convenient gift. Both the leaves and the fruit of the Pawpaw are rich in vegetable pepsin, which accounts for the fact that the seeds of the fruit cure indigestion. The toughest meat can be made tender by wrapping it in Pawpaw leaves for a few hours before cooking.

Cooked when green, the Pawpaw makes a delicious vegetable, while the ripe fruit is a favorite breakfast dish.

One of the most interesting of Bermuda's native plants is the Bay Grape, the fruit of which makes excellent jelly. Coconut Palms will grow in Bermuda but the climate is not hot enough for them to thrive.

A favorite way of taking exercise with old Bermudians is pulling Sagebush. Originally this attractive bush was largely used as a cheap fuel but nowadays it has taken the place of the more expensive apple. "Pull some sagebush a day and

keep the doctor away!" is a well-known Bermudian adage.

Probably the most widely spread plant in Bermuda is the Life Plant, so named because it is practically impossible to kill it; even a single leaf will quickly grow into a healthy plant under the most adverse conditions.

Bermudians regard the beautiful Morning Glory as a troublesome weed, but to visitors it is easily one of the most attractive of the islands' wild-flowers. The newly opened blooms are bright blue, yet by midday the flower is practically red, white and blue, but by sunset the same flower is a lovely pink. Thus in the course of a few hours, the Morning Glory passes through all the stages of life that usually take human beings three score years and ten, because at birth the flower is alkali and by middle age it shows signs of acidity, while at death it is completely acid.

If you want to see Bermuda in three colors, take a carriage drive from Hamilton to Elba Beach, and keep your eyes open for birds and flowers.

By the time you reach the beach you will have

seen all three colors repeatedly and the sight that will meet your eyes will astonish you, because the beach itself is red.

If you have your swimming suit with you, be sure to swim to the "boilers," which are small atolls or rings of coral growing in the sea.

A useful article to carry with you on all your explorations is a water glass, which consists of a handy wooden box with a glass bottom.

By placing this box in the water so that it floats, it is possible to see deep down to the sea bottom and if you examine the sea in the neighborhood of the "boilers" you will see plenty of fish that are also red, white and blue.

During your explorations of Elba Beach and the surrounding wild country, do not be alarmed if you see a man in a pink coat on horseback tooting on a little horn. His actions may look suspicious but he is quite harmless and only the master of the Bermuda Hunt.

Having no foxes, and no hounds with which to hunt them if they had, the members of the Bermuda Hunt have taken to hunting their own master, who

leads the chase of himself tooting on his little horn so that sound may take the place of scent.

Anyone who possesses a pink coat and the price of the hire of a cab horse, may join in the hunt of the master; but the great drawback to hunting in Bermuda is sagebush, to which the horses object strenuously and through which they absolutely insist on proceeding backwards.

One of the loveliest drives is from Hamilton to Walsingham by way of the Flatts Village, Devil's Hole, Shark Hole and the Caves. This drive is probably the most scenic in the whole of Bermuda.

Walsingham House is one of the oldest in Bermuda and is now known as "Tom Moore's House." Moore's stay in Bermuda was short but sweet because he arrived in January, 1804, and left for good in April the same year.

During that time he fell in love with a Bermudian girl whose name was Nea, who inspired these lines:

O! trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er the tempter's power
Could tangle me and you in;

Sweet Nea, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore
Such walks may be our ruin.

However, it was not Nea who ruined Moore, but a man whom he appointed to be his deputy as registrar of the Court of Admiralty.

Although he had one of the softest jobs imaginable, Moore, to quote his own words, "of loving fond, of roving fonder," having had his fill of Bermudian love, departed for fresh hunting grounds and during his absence the deputy embezzled about $5000 for which Moore was held responsible, so that the famous poet was forced to flee from England and live on the Continent as far away as possible from his creditors who were eager to throw him into a debtors' jail.

The Calabash tree under which Moore is supposed to have reclined when he composed his poems to Nea, is one of the important sights at Walsingham, but not being very large, it has to be protected by railings lest some enthusiastic admirer of the poet should pinch the tree for a souvenir.

Moore immortalized this tree in the following lines:

'Twas thus by the shade of a calabash tree
With a few who can feel and remember like me,
The charm that to sweeten my goblet I threw,
Was a tear to the past and a blessing on you.

In the garden of Tom Moore's House is a lovely little cavern the ceiling of which is covered with native Maidenhair Fern; there is also a pool where the fish will eat out of your hand, in contrast to other Bermuda pools where the fish will eat your hand.

Bermuda's caves, one of which is known as Prospero's Cavern, while not nearly so large as Carlsbad Cavern or Endless Cavern in America, are unusually beautiful and it might interest movie fans to know that *Neptune's Daughter,* featuring the celebrated Australian swimmer, Annette Kellermann, was photographed in these caves.

And now, how about taking lunch at Tom Moore's and then making use of the extension ticket in your

book of coupons, and continuing your drive to quaint old St. George's?

I suggest that you make straight for old St. Peter's Church and read some of the memorial tablets and epitaphs in the churchyard. Be sure you ask to be shown the grave of Nea and the Communion Service which was presented to the church by King William the Third and Mary.

Most of these massive silver vessels date from 1684, although one chalice is still older. Antiquarians have valued the Communion Service at $250,000, but the church would not part with it for all the money in the world.

Do not fail to visit the St. George's Historical Society and should you be fortunate enough to find Miss Lilian Hayward at her desk, no better guide to St. George's can be found (see Who's Who).

Within a few minutes' walk of the Historical Society are Somers Gardens where you can see the tablet marking the spot where the heart of Sir George Somers was buried. From the size of the tomb he must have been an exceptionally large-hearted gentleman.

One spot in St. George's that is rarely seen by visitors is the "New" church which was started with a bang but ended in a fizzle.

Although a comparatively recent building, the "New" church is already a moldering ruin that will remind you strongly of the ancient ruined cathedrals of Visby. The church occupies the site of the old powder magazine from which Captain Ord obtained the powder that won the American Revolution.

By this time you will be ready for afternoon tea and a swim in the fine indoor swimming pool of the St. George's Hotel.

From the terrace of the hotel can be seen a perfect panorama of St. George's town and harbor, which played such an important part in the American Civil War.

Before closing this chapter, in which I have suggested the most restful way of exploring Bermuda, there are two things I would like to mention: music and afternoon tea!

As there is always a military band resident in the islands, you have an opportunity of hearing some

excellent concerts, although they are usually much too few and far between, but in connection with military bands an amusing incident occurred not so many years ago.

It appears that the bandmaster of the regiment then resident in Bermuda was in the habit of giving piano lessons to his colonel's daughter and for this purpose her piano had been placed in the bandmaster's house.

One day the colonel met the bandmaster leading a goat.

"Where are you taking the goat?" inquired the colonel.

"To New York!" replied the bandmaster much to the unsuspecting amusement of the colonel.

A few days afterwards, the colonel noticed his private yacht sailing out of the harbor, and with the use of a borrowed spyglass he was astounded to see on board the vessel, not only the bandmaster and his family plus the goat but also his piano and more of his personal property.

There being no means of giving chase, the colonel could do nothing but watch his property

disappear over the horizon in the direction of New York. In those happy days no one had ever heard of such nuisances as quotas or immigration authorities so that the adventurous bandmaster with his family and his goat were welcomed to America as castaways.

Here the bandmaster proceeded to capitalize their romantic adventure by securing a job as the leader of a New York orchestra while his daughters made personal appearances on the stage.

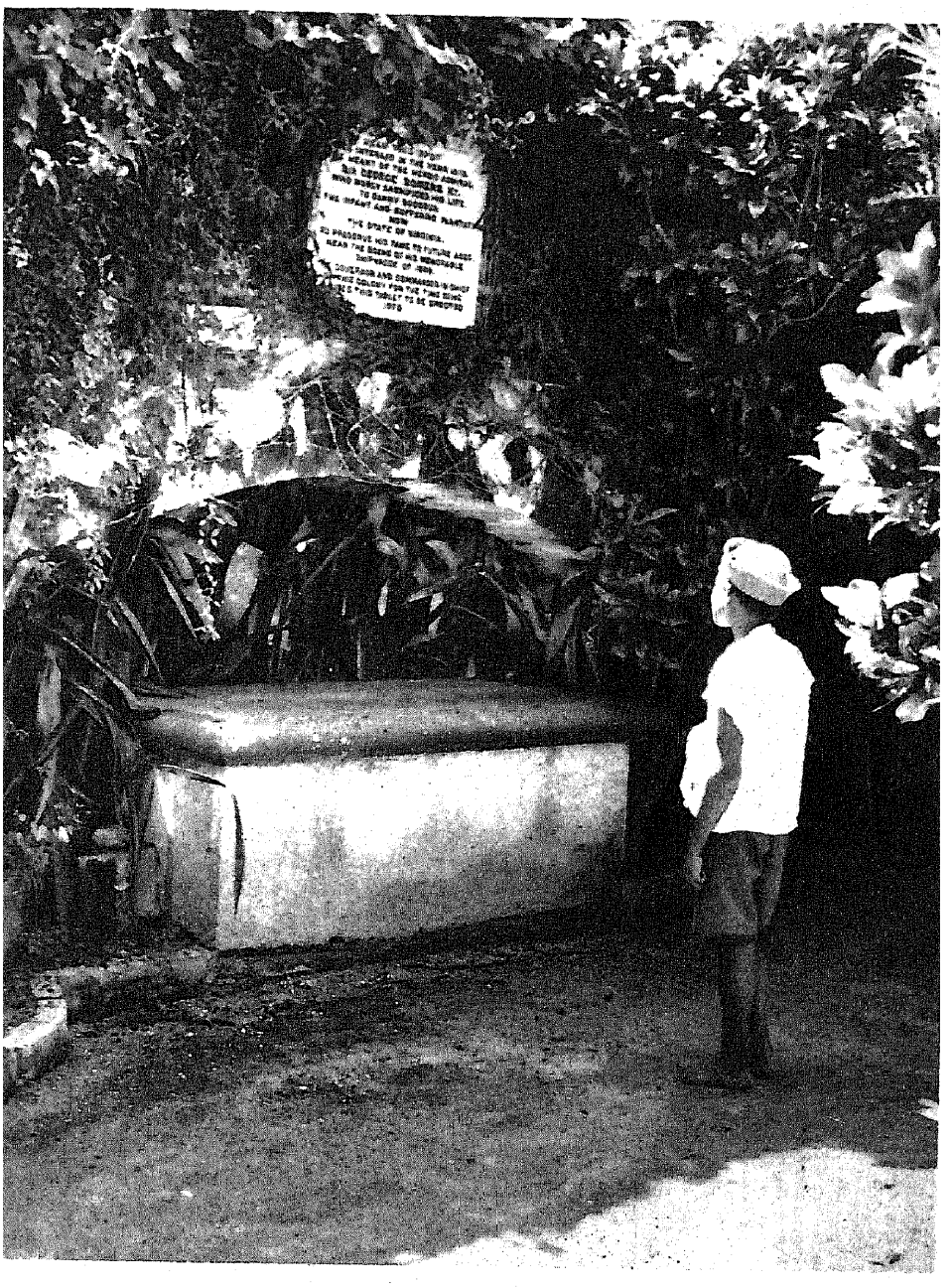
With regard to afternoon tea, there are, of course, many charming places where this British custom may be observed but there is only one "Little Green Door" and only one Catharine Tucker (see Who's Who).

Although famous as the scene of Shakespeare's *Tempest,* the latest tempest took place in Miss Tucker's "Little Green Door," and all on account of a teapot.

For twenty-five years a teapot had graced the yellow flag that flew over Mark Twain's favorite tearoom, but it wasn't until the spring of 1934 that the Bermudian police noticed it.

It appears that there is some local law which forbids anyone from advertising on the sky, so a local policeman summoned Miss Tucker to court charging her with ruining Bermuda's skyline by displaying upon it a teapot. To the delight of all Bermuda, Miss Tucker nailed her teapot flag to the mast and defied anyone to remove it.

Apparently the authorities decided that it would be best to take the path of least resistance, so with commendable tact they eventually suggested to Miss Tucker that she replace the offending teapot on her flag with the letter T, a compromise which that farseeing lady accepted. Do not leave Bermuda, therefore, without looking for the famous flag; then partake of tea with Bermuda strawberries and cream on the lawn of the "Little Green Door."

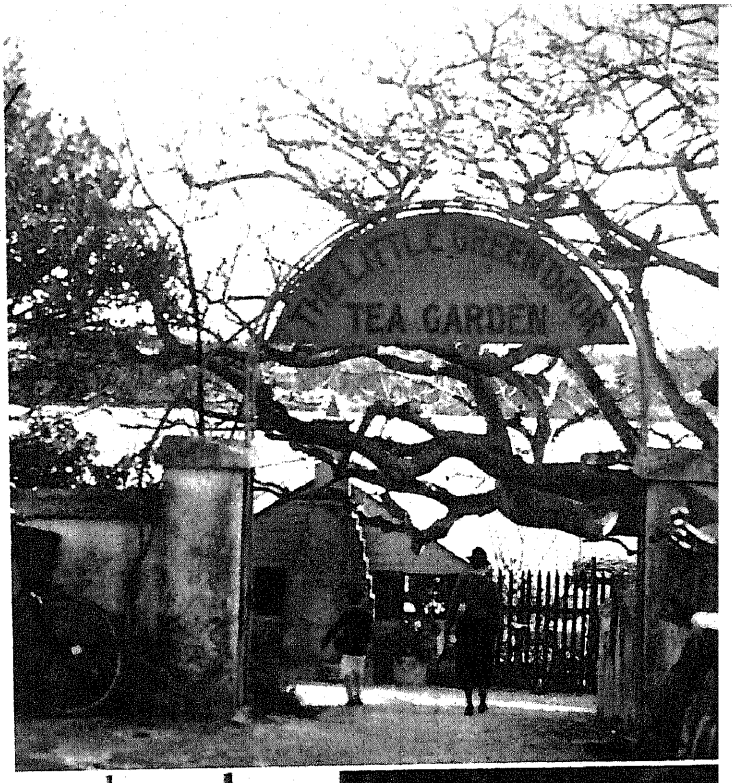


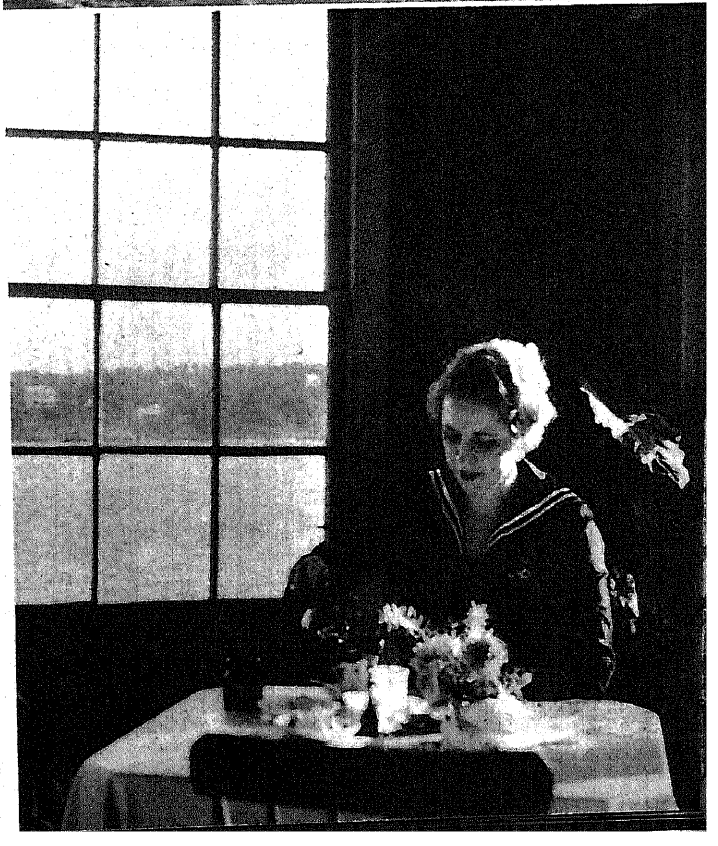
Here lies the heart of Admiral Sir George Somers. The inscription above the tomb now reads: "Near this spot was interred in the year 1610, the heart of the heroic Admiral Sir George Somers, Knight, who nobly sacrificed his life to carry succor to the infant and suffering plantation, now the State of Virginia. To preserve his fame to future ages, near the scene of his memorable ship-wreck of 1609, the Governor and Commander in Chief of this Colony for the time being has caused this tablet to be erected."

Bermudians frequently see American feature motion pictures before Americans. Here is the Island's "Radio City Music Hall."

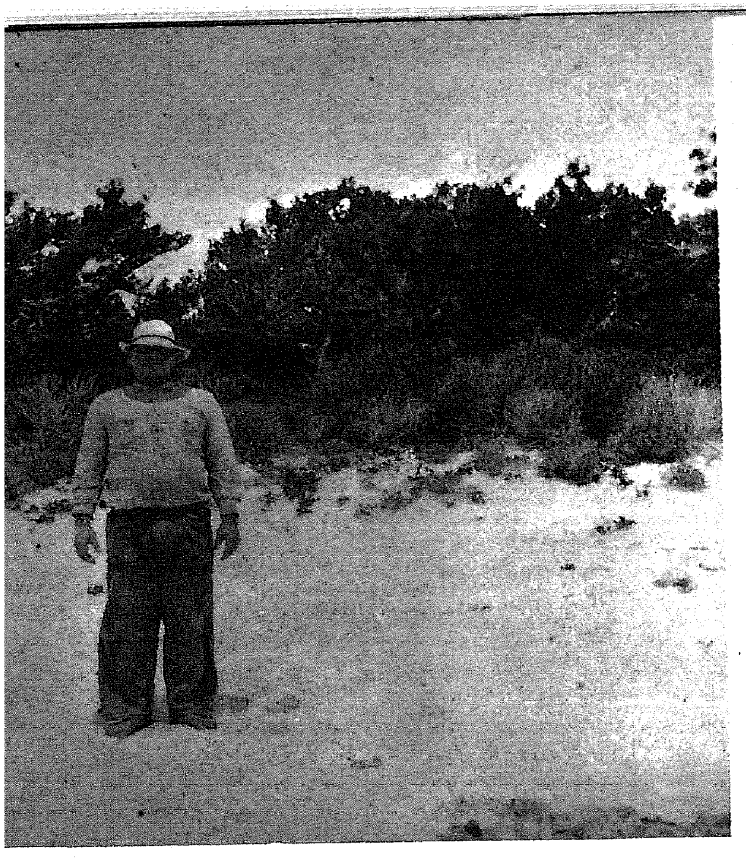
"Welcoming Arm Steps" are a feature of Bermuda homes and are characteristic of Bermudian hospitality.

The century plant is a common sight in Bermudian gardens.





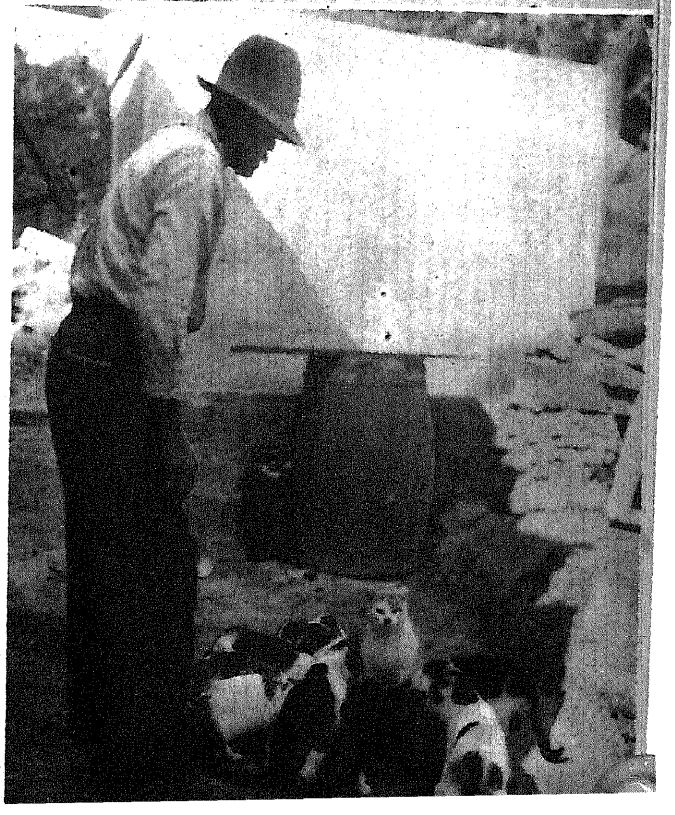
Strawberries and cream are always on the menu at Mark Twain's favorite tea garden, the "Little Green Door."



Red Benny Lamb of St. David's Island is following in the footsteps of his ancestors and looking for Ambergris on Cooper's Island.

Here are some members of the rising generation of St. David's Islanders.

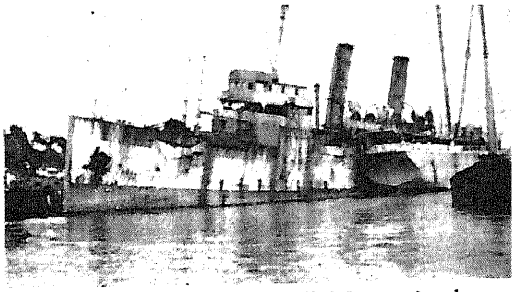
About the only time that you ever see St. David's Islanders fully dressed is at a funeral especially a Masonic one.



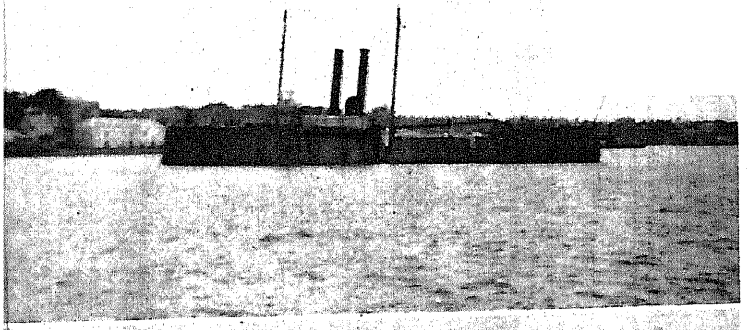
Here are just a few of St. David's Island's cats.

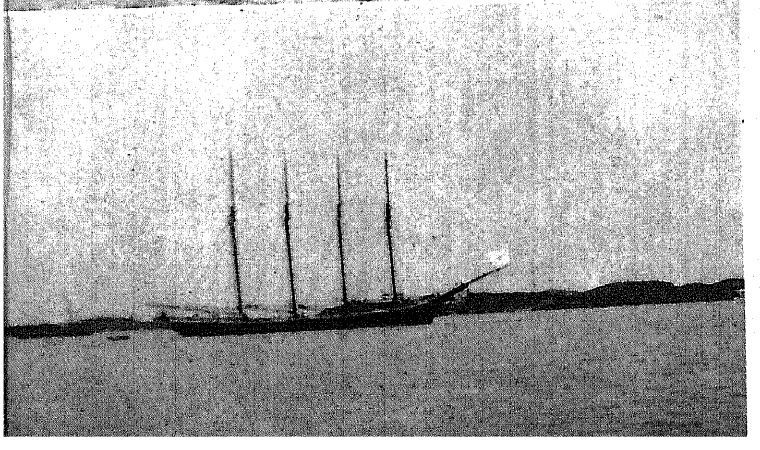
Captain Tommy Fox is the Uncrowned King of St. David's.

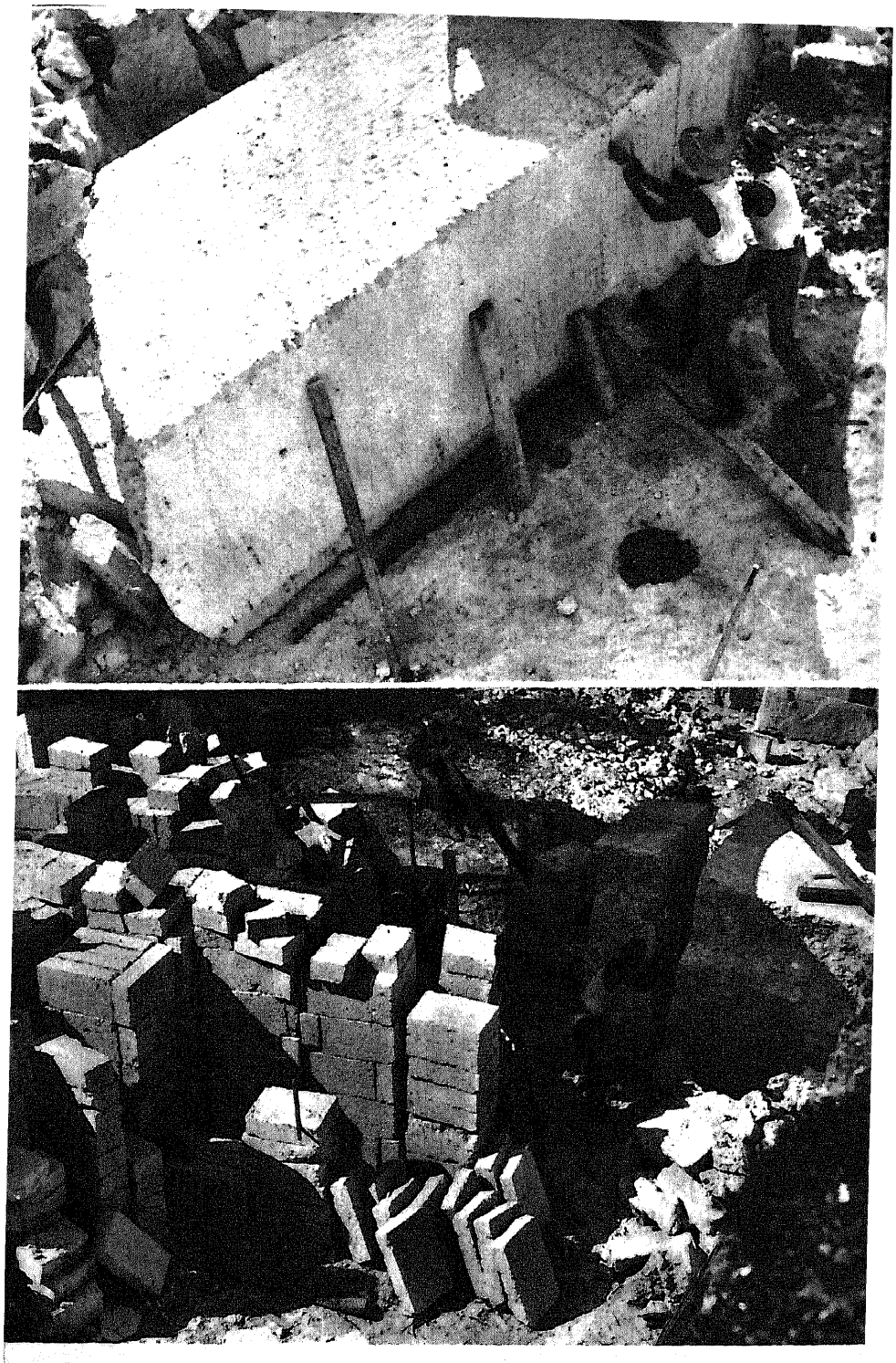
He is seen here with his Queen.



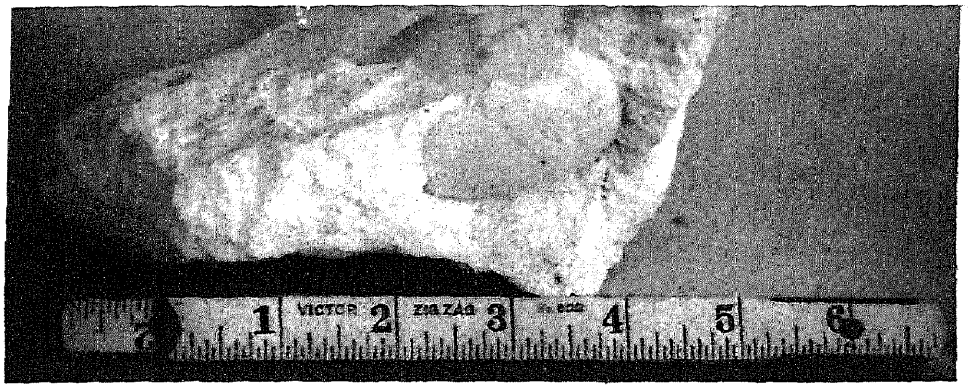
St. George's Mayor, Mr. Will Meyer, is always on the lookout for another wreck. Here is a small corner of Mr. Meyer's graveyard of ships. This steamer was once the pride of the Spanish Navy, but she was sunk at Manila by Admiral Dewey. Prohibition caused her to be revived, and she eventually plied her trade under the name of *The Reviver,* until Mr. Meyer eventually collected her. Many a vessel has found that it is much easier to enter St. George's Harbour than to leave it.



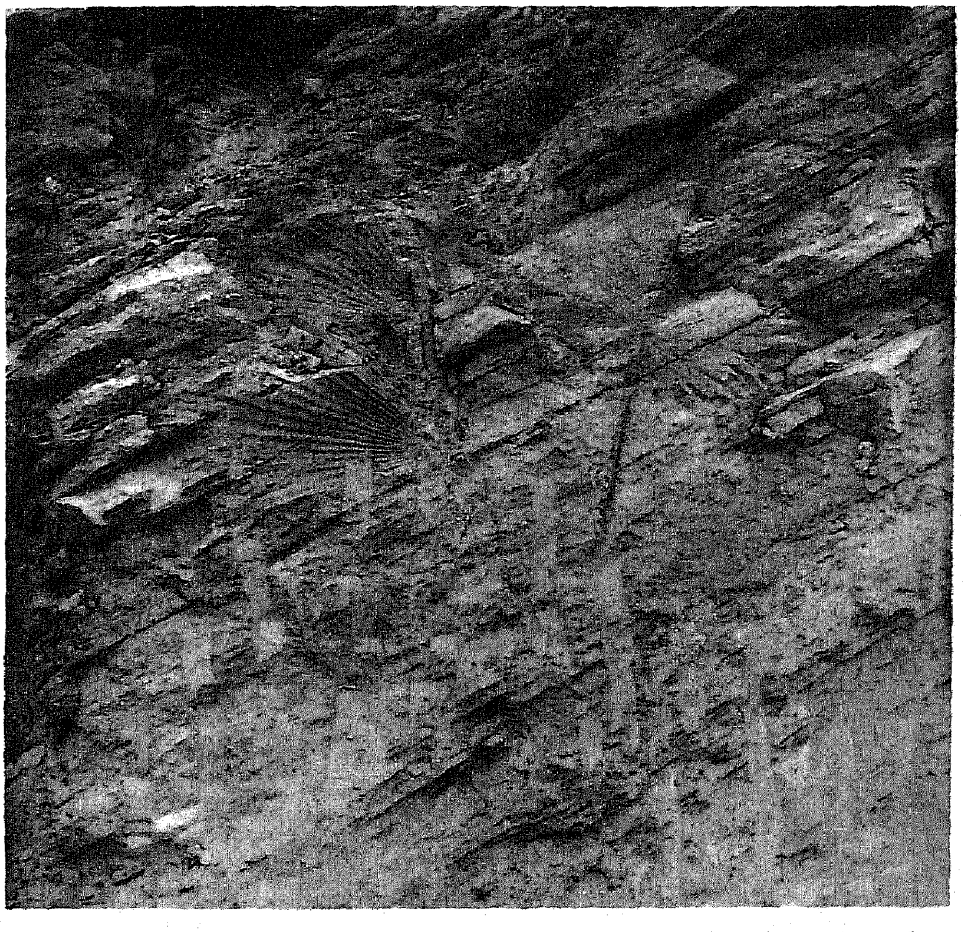




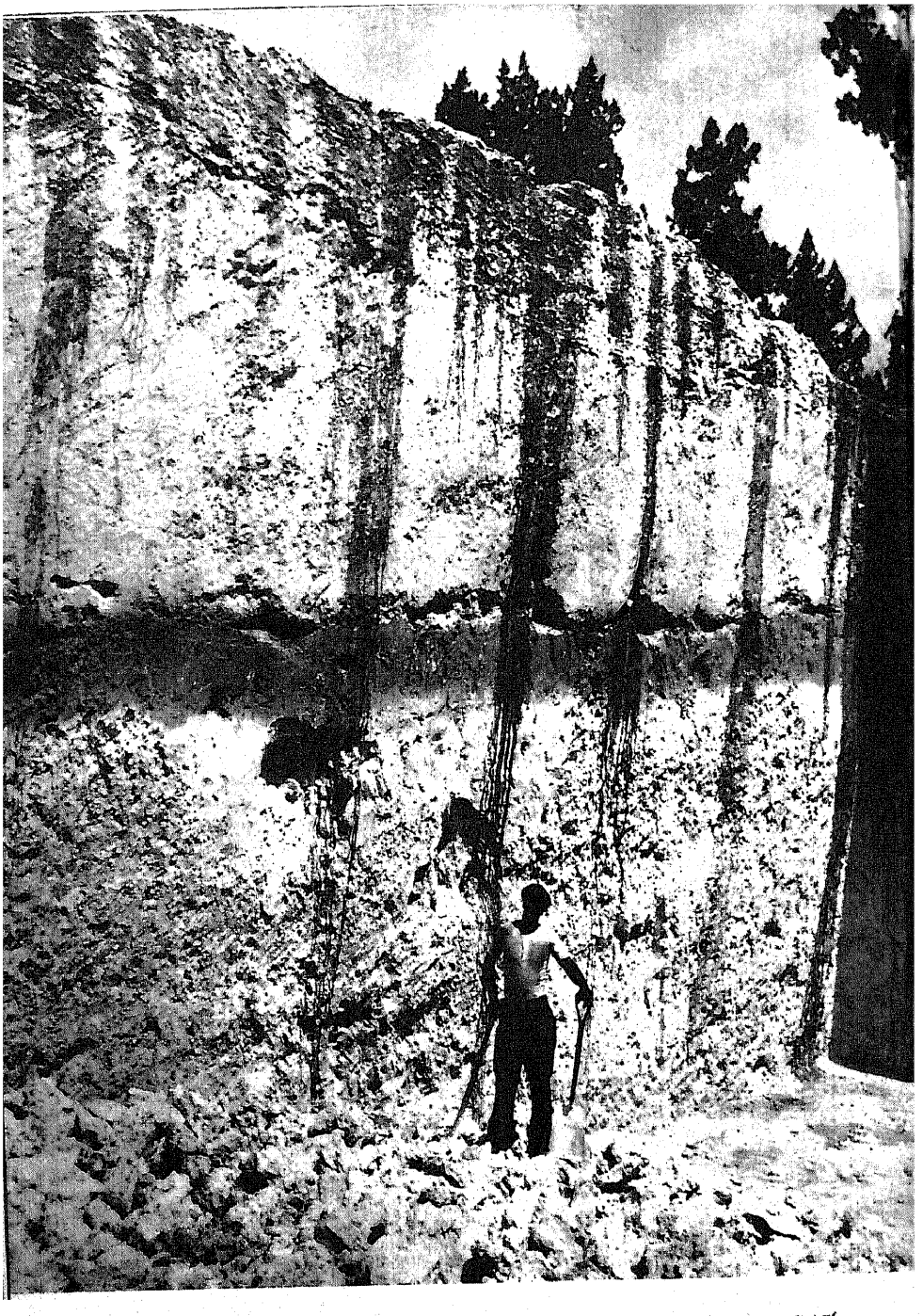
A Bermuda cottage in the raw. It is a great advantage when you can dig your hous out of your own backyard.



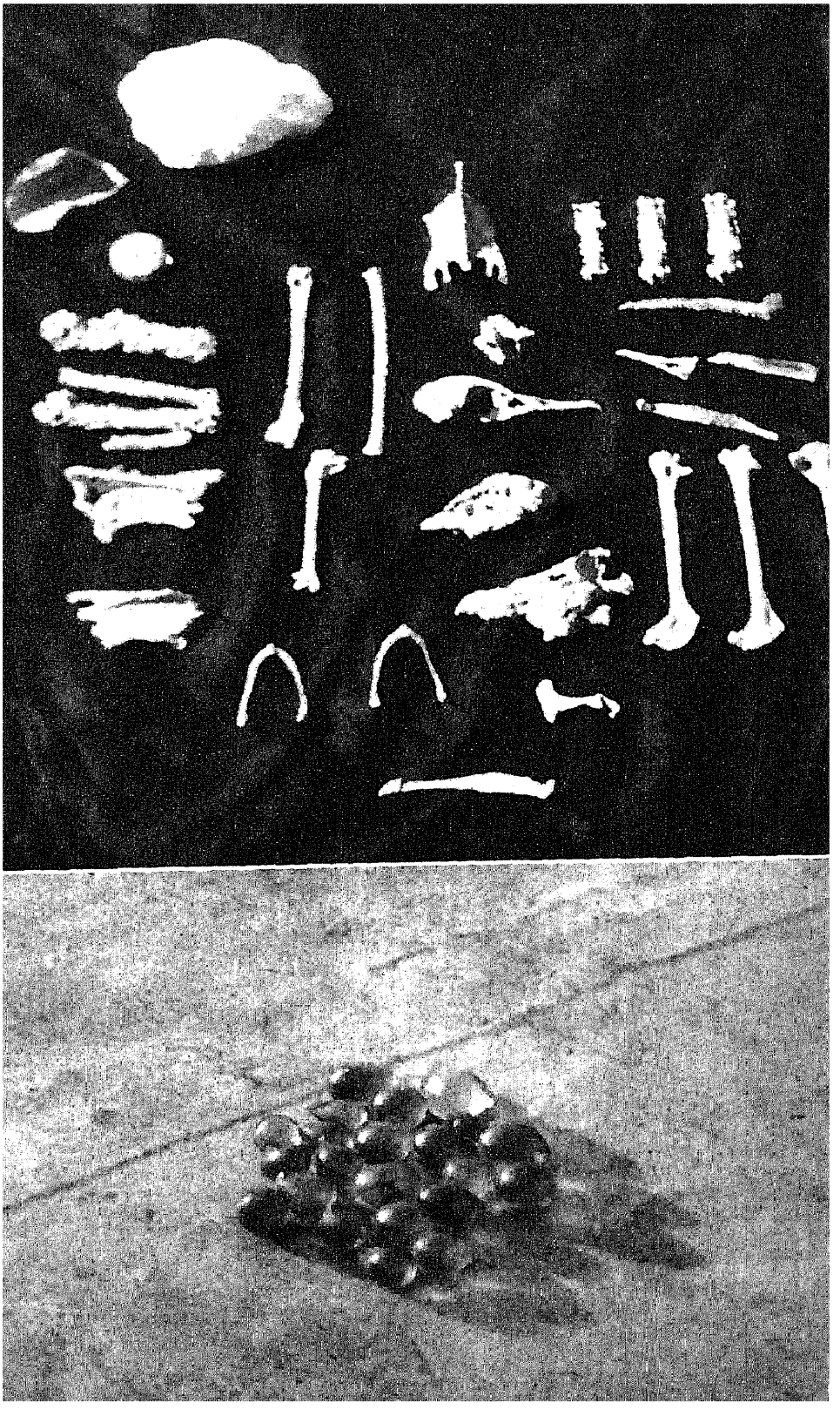
This Bermudian new-laid egg, probably about a million years old, must have been covered up when the stone was in the form of sand. Such fossil eggs are very common in Bermuda.

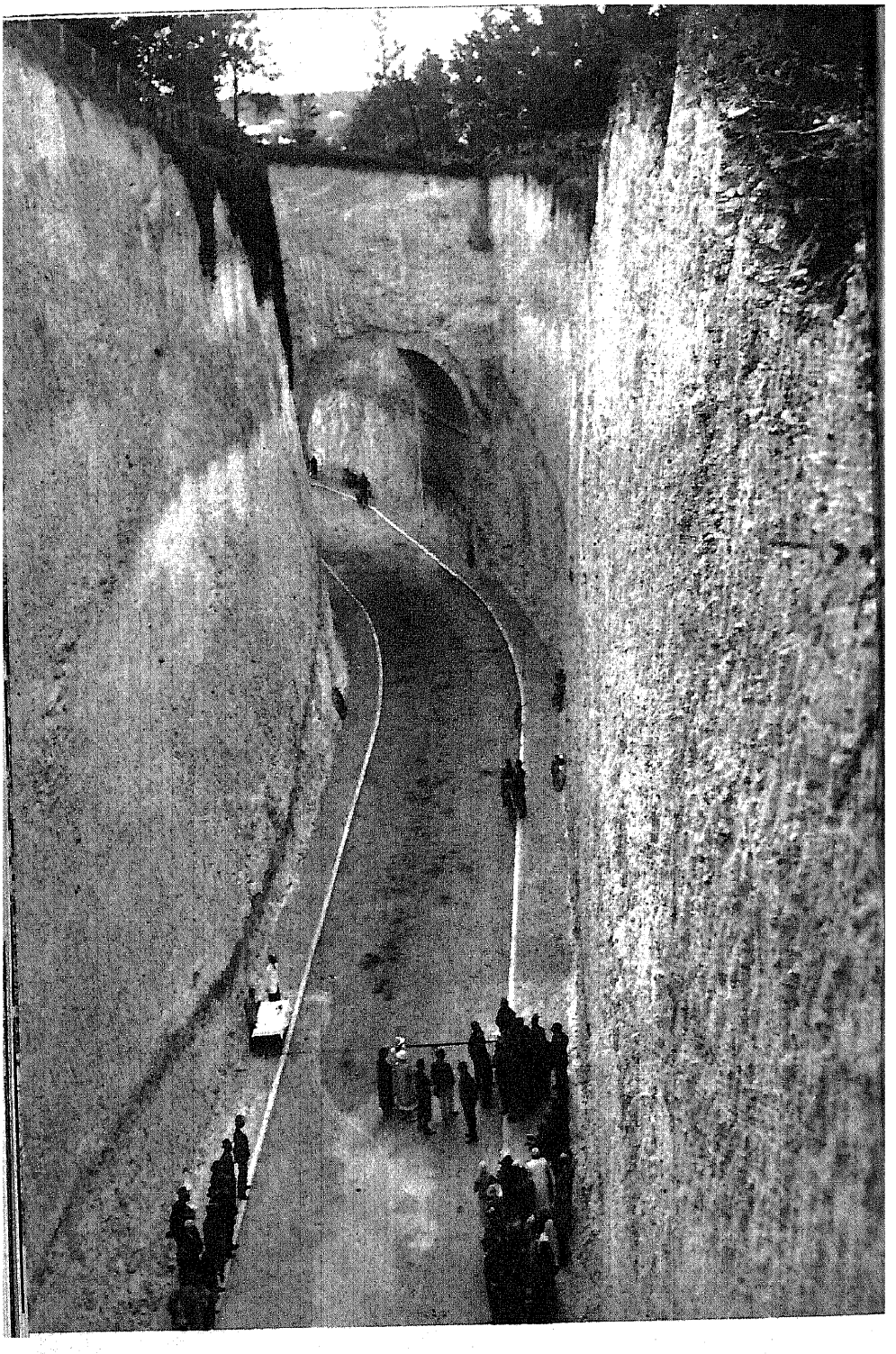


Recent excavations have exposed many fossilized palm trees that must have been completely covered up in their growing positions by a sand-storm during the last glacial period.



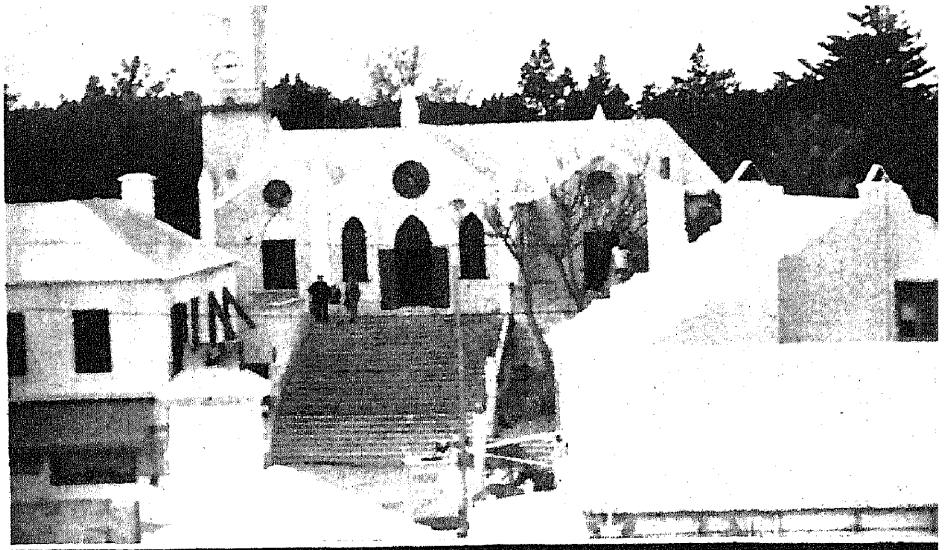
Bermuda history is an open book to geologists:— *1st layer:* 40,000 years old. The presen surface of Bermuda. *2nd layer:* 150,000 years old, consisting of lime sand-stone blow up during the last glacial period. *3rd layer:* Also 150,000 years old. The surface earth o Bermuda during the previous warm period. *4th layer:* 200,000 years old. Lime sand stone, blown up during the previous glacial period and filled with fossil bones.

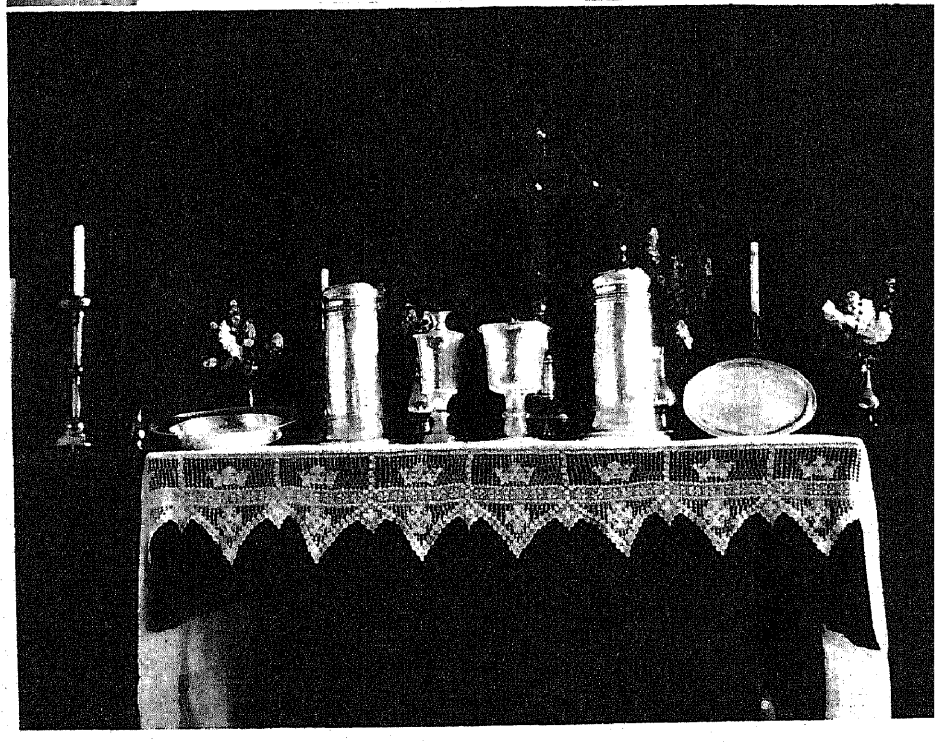




This record cutting in Bermuda coral rock is of especial interest to geologists. Notice the characteristic layer of red surface earth near the white table.

A. M. Purcell is Bermuda's Samuel Pepys, Editor of Bermuda's daily paper.





St. Peter's Church was originally built by Governor More in 1612 of native Bermuda cedar. It was blown down and replaced by one made of palmetto leaves, which was in turn replaced by a stone church in 1619. It is the oldest English church in the Western Hemisphere and the present rector justly claims that he rocks the Cradle of Christianity in the Western World. The Communion vessels are of solid silver and are very ancient, some of them dating back as far as 1625. The weather vane on the tower of the church was once on the house

Chapter Ten

Bermuda's Uncrowned King

Probably the least explored part of Bermuda and therefore the best district for leading the simple life, divorced from hotels, golf courses, swimming pools, jazz orchestras, movies and American newspapers, is St. David's Island, Cooper's Island, Nonsuch Island and Castle Island.

It is only within the last year that the bridge was opened that will eventually ruin the charm of St. David's Island and the fact that a wealthy American lady has already purchased fifteen acres of the island to make room for just a "little bungalow" shows which way the wind is blowing.

Cooper's Island, area 77 acres, belongs to Mr. Hastings Outerbridge and the last time I spoke to

him about it, he told me he wouldn't sell it for less than a million dollars. More power to Hastings and for the sake of Bermuda's wild life, I hope that he will never sell this lovely island but will eventually give it to Bermuda with the understanding that no building of any kind shall ever be constructed upon it.

Cooper's Island was the breeding place of the now extinct "Cahow" birds. It was also the home of Christopher Carter who volunteered to remain alone in Bermuda when his companions took the body of Sir George Somers back to England.

In fact, Cooper's Island is the only part of Bermuda which could ever be used as a National Park for the benefit of future generations.

Nonsuch Island, which was brought to the attention of the outside world by Dr. William Beebe, who made the island his headquarters for submarine exploration, is government property and can be visited only by special permission. At present the island is used as a Detention Place for Bermuda's bad boys. The last time I was there, the number of delinquents was five and all of them were colored.

Castle Island is also a government island, wild and rugged, crowned by the ruins of the old fort built by Richard More in 1612.

In order to reach these islands it is, of course, necessary to have a boat and an experienced pilot, because the waters surrounding them are full of treacherous rocks, but once you have tasted the joys of exploring these islands during the months of May, June, July and August, I doubt very much if you will ever want to spend your time anywhere else.

St. David's Island is extraordinarily interesting on account of its having been the scene of the mixing of three races of mankind, Red, White and Black.

As long ago as the latter half of the seventeenth century, about eighty Pequot Massachusetts Bay Indians, together with their chief named Prince William, were exiled to Bermuda and sold into slavery.

Most of them were purchased by a certain Captain Anthony White who was one of the largest landowners in St. David's Island.

Not being permitted to bring their wives with them, the Indians were compelled to intermarry with the negro slaves.

To add to the mixture, after subduing Ireland, Oliver Cromwell transported fifty redheaded wild Irishmen to Bermuda, most of whom were settled on St. David's Island.

Until the bridge was built in 1934, the St. David's Islanders remained isolated and it is undoubtedly true that there are still plenty of them who have never been off the island except in a boat.

A few days after the bridge was opened, an American visitor who had crossed the bridge and was exploring the island happened to meet one of the old St. David's Islanders;

"What do you think of the new bridge?" he inquired. "I suppose you'll be going over to St. George's now!" But with a sour look on his face the St. David's Islander replied:

"I don't think much of it! We'll soon be overrun by those damned Bermudians!"

Until the year 1730, it was not unusual to find

the term "Indian slaves" in wills, but after that date only the word "slave" is used, which probably indicates that the Indians had become absorbed as a race.

It must not be assumed that all St. David's Islanders are of mixed blood, although a great many of them are, and it is not at all uncommon to see a man with red hair, dusky complexion but with the high cheekbones and hawk nose of an Indian. Some of them have bronze-red faces very much freckled, but straight black hair.

Blondes with curly fair hair but distinctly negroid faces are also quite common.

As regards language, the St. David's Islanders still use old Elizabethan words and a peculiar form of English that is rather difficult to follow.

Most of them are very religious and fundamentalist, so that in the course of ordinary conversation they are constantly quoting from the Scriptures.

Outstanding among them is Captain Henry Mortimer Fox, affectionately known as "Tommy" and regarded by all Bermudians as the Uncrowned King of St. David's.

I was fortunate enough to be taken to St. David's Island and personally introduced to Captain Tommy by Mr. William Meyer, mayor of St. George's.

With such an introduction, I was welcomed to the house in which the Fox family have lived for well over a hundred years. Although unexpected, I was immediately invited to take lunch with the "King" and his "Queen" who is an old-fashioned St. David's Islander.

At lunch we ate bread that Mrs. Fox had baked in the oven which her husband had built for her fifty years before, and "Tommy" informed me that no baker's bread had ever polluted his stomach.

Tommy himself is a giant of a man, gaunt, wiry and erect as a post, in spite of being considerably over seventy, and when I suggested that he accompany us to Cooper's Island and Castle Island, his eyes lit up with excitement because he hadn't been on the islands for Heaven knows how many years. Before starting I mentioned casually that I had been told that a certain St. David's Islander was very fond of cats and that I would certainly like

to see them, so off we went along a little path that led into a small field.

"Wait here, they don't like strangers," said Tommy as he walked ahead and gave a low whistle.

Suddenly a most amazing thing happened, for the whole place seemed to be swarming with cats. At first all that could be seen of them were their heads peering from the bushes, then one cat cautiously walked into the open making straight for Tommy.

A moment later, half dozen more cats stealthily emerged, looking in all directions and thrashing their tails from side to side as they cautiously joined the first cat. No danger being apparent, cats of all colors and sizes started to show themselves until there must have been at least fifty; these were only the advance guard, for it was easy to see that the trees and bushes were alive with cats that were too shy to greet their King in the presence of a stranger.

There were black cats, white cats, piebald cats, tortoiseshell cats, brown cats, pale yellow cats, gray

cats, tabby cats and all the variations of cats that such a mixture produces after a century of unselected breeding.

Very soon they were all looking up at Tommy, obviously asking to be fed. So numerous are the cats that Tommy has appointed a custodian who feeds them regularly on the finest fish, washed down by good fresh milk.

Forgetting Tommy's warning, I very cautiously walked into the open with my movie camera—like a flash of lightning those cats disappeared.

As we returned to the house, I broached the subject of whales and soon discovered that I was in the presence of an expert whaler.

"Some people don't believe that a whale could have swallowed Jonah," remarked Tommy, who happens to be the senior churchwarden of the Church of England, "so I decided to prove to them that the Bible was correct. The very next time I landed a whale, I hauled up his head, opened his mouth, and in the presence of witnesses I climbed down that whale's throat into his belly!"

It is, of course, an easy matter for a sperm whale

to swallow a man, and it was the sperm whale that was commonly caught in Bermuda until about thirty years ago when the whaling industry was allowed to die out.

Funerals are always an impressive sight in St. David's Island especially when the deceased happens to be a Freemason, as the brethren all turn out in full regalia, followed by their wives who carry the wreaths.

In Bermuda there is a law that the sun may not rise and set upon a corpse. People who die after sunrise are buried before sunset, but no burials are permitted after sunset, so that if a person dies in the evening, the body must be kept in the house until after sunrise the next morning.

Some years ago, the rector of St. George's received a telephone call from St. David's asking him to officiate at a funeral at two-thirty in the afternoon. Just as he was about to start by boat for the island, the telephone rang and he was asked to wait for an hour.

At three-thirty the rector again was about to start

for St. David's when again he was requested by telephone to wait another hour.

Knowing that the burial could not take place after sunset, the rector objected to any further delay, so the party on the other end of the telephone told him to come on over, and promised to explain matters when he arrived.

After the burial was over, one of the St. David's Islanders explained that the delay was due to an unfortunate accident to the coffin. It appears that the coffin had been ordered from Hamilton whence it had arrived safely by carriage. It then had to be transported to the island by boat, but during a sudden gust of wind, the coffin had been blown overboard, where it immediately filled with water. Try as they would, they were unable to get the coffin back into the boat, so that there was nothing to do but tow the waterlogged coffin through a rough sea to land.

The first delay had been asked because the coffin had not arrived; the second delay was occasioned because the coffin had to be dried out before nailing up the body.

For the benefit of American visitors, who are accustomed to expensive funerals with all the fixings, embalming is available, and one of Bermuda's most eminent doctors just happens to be financially interested in the leading firm of undertakers.

Bermuda is one of the cheapest places in the world to be born in, and it is almost as cheap a place to be buried in.

Marriages are extremely picturesque functions and are for life: there is no divorce in Bermuda.

The bride's cake is of rich fruit covered with silverleaf, but the bridegroom's cake is quite plain and covered with goldleaf.

In the center of the bride's cake there is always a small Cedar, which is ceremoniously planted by the bride after the cutting of the cake.

St. David's Island is probably the last place in Bermuda where Arrowroot is still manufactured. In olden days, arrowroot was one of Bermuda's most valuable exports, but the only place that I know of where any appreciable quantity is still grown is in Tommy Fox's garden.

Before leaving the island, Mrs. Fox gave me a box of arrowroot of the finest quality, which she had made herself.

If by chance my reader suffers from that painful illness, colitis, let him purchase a supply of arrowroot and stick to that diet for a few weeks and watch the result.

Mrs. Fox's house is filled with lovely old chests and the chests are filled with exquisitely made bedspreads and other embroideries.

Whatever she intends to do with them is a mystery, but if you are interested in seeing beautiful handmade bedspreads, get an introduction to Mrs. Tommy Fox, but do not try to buy them.

In case you decide to spend your summer holidays in Bermuda, exploring the islands at the East End, I recommend that you make arrangements in St. George's with the firm of William Meyer, to rent one of their substantial motorboats. Do not make the mistake of hiring some sporty-looking speedboat, but get a boat that looks as much as possible like a tug, because sooner or later you will strike a rock and the great advantage

of Mr. Meyer's boats is that they are built to break rocks.

Once again let me remind you that Bermuda's winter coincides with America's and that spring and summer are the best seasons in Bermuda, because you will miss the "American Season" and can then understand why the old Bermudians regarded the islands as a perfect paradise.

Strange as it may seem, you can escape the terrific heat of New York by going to Bermuda in June and July, just as you can escape the zero weather by going there in January and February.

It has often been said that there is no place like Bermuda, but I believe there is, and I hope to go there when I die.

Appendix

Who's Who in Bermuda

Oh wad some Power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us.

ROBERT BURNS

The combined area of all the Bermuda islands is about nineteen and a quarter square miles, and the population is about 30,000 of whom sixty per cent are colored.

Of the twelve thousand white residents a considerable proportion are American citizens, who, from the point of view of this Who's Who, simply do not count, although among them can be numbered some of the most prominent people in the United States.

Who's Who in Bermuda

Neither wealth nor social prominence has been taken into account in compiling this Who's Who, and while many of the names are those of people both wealthy and socially prominent, the qualification for being included is solely personality.

To Bermudians the brief commentary on each personality will be immediately intelligible but to visitors to whom Bermuda is strange and the people stranger, the descriptions may not be clear.

For this very reason, the reader should make every effort to go over this Who's Who with any Bermudian and I can promise that the result will be a fund of amusing ancedotes that will help to create a Bermudian atmosphere and make a Bermudian Sunday less severe.

A. W. Bluck
Retired Mayor of Hamilton.
Hobby—Freelance journalism devoted to the betterment of Bermuda.

Hon. H. D. Butterfield "Harry"
Eminent banker and the War Veterans' friend.
If you want a check cashed, page Harry.

A. D. Clay "Lord Blue Flame"
Representative of the West Indian Oil Company.
Sees all, knows all and never misses a trick.

W. M. CONYERS "Willie"

Absolutely refuses to take any part in public life.
Has no political aspirations.
The off horse with Sir Henry Watlington.
Hobby—Fishing.

R. C. CRAWFORD, M.C.P.

Eminent parliamentarian, politician and printer.
Political leader of his race.
He has no failings.

MISS CLAUDIA DARRELL "Claudia"

On the death of her father, who was a Member of Parliament she took over the farm and ran it successfully, doing her own plowing and driving her wagon to market. She then made a corner in antiques which she renovated herself. She is now Postmistress of Southampton East and "Proprietor" and Mistress of Ceremonies of the Waterlot Inn close to Gibbs Hill Lighthouse.
Hobby—Generosity.

RICHARD DARRELL "Uncle Dick"

Expert at shaking dice. Owner of the historic estate "Norwood."
Being unable to express his feelings, he travels by freight.
Hobby—Charming fish.

J. D. C. DARRELL "Banks"

Born with a spyglass in his eye, looking for wrecks and "Lady" boats. Bermuda's Don Juan.
Authority on high blonde pressure.

MRS. RACHEL DARRELL

Moving spirit among Friendly Societies which are a boon to the colored population.

COLONEL T. M. DILL

Bermuda's Attorney General.

The brainiest man in the islands; marvelous raconteur; calls a spade a bloody shovel.

The firebrand of the House of Assembly.

Excellent comic singer.

CAPTAIN HENRY MORTIMER FOX "King Tommy"

The uncrowned King of St. David's Island.

Authority on hurricanes. Has no use for meteorological stations preferring his Shark's Ile to any barometer.

Pioneer whaler who has personally explored the belly of a whale.

MISS JANIE FRITH

Bermuda's grand old lady and oldest school teacher. At the age of ninety plus, she still teaches and has already taught four generations of Bermudians. She lives at Rose Cottage, Paget West. If you wish your daughter to enter her school, you must undertake that she remain under Miss Frith's tuition for three years.

WILLIE GILBERT

A Bermudian King Canute. Must have his afternoon tea.

T. ST. G. GILBERT "Tommy"

Veteran of the Boer War and representative of Bermuda at the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

A Bermudian giant and now Chief Revenue Officer.
It is a question whether you will see Gibbs Hill Lighthouse or Tommy Gilbert first.

HON. F. G. GOSLING, O.B.E.
Meteorological expert sometimes referred to as Bermuda's Astronomer Royal. Bridge expert.

HON. A. T. GOSLING "Brose"
Wine merchant from one generation to another.
A good sterling clam.
Pet aversion—Cracked china.

MISS LILLIAN HAYWARD
St. George's mental uplift and secretary of the Historical Society. Authority on St. George's, St. David's Island and Bermudiana generally. Hates her Society being called the St. George's Hysterical Society.

MISS EDITH HEYL
Nonmilitant suffragette, able speaker and president of the Bermuda Historical Society.

MISS MINNIE HUNT
Eighty years young and still living in the house in which she was born: "Teucer Place," Somerset.
Champion Croquet player.
Has the right to halt all trains.

RED BENNY LAMB "Red Benny"
Most famous of St. David's Islands web-footed fishermen.

W. E. MEYER "Willie"

Mayor of St. George's. Enjoys a good meal with onions.

Hobby—Collecting ships and cannons.

F. C. MISICK, M.C.P. "Freddy"

Able speaker, humorist and custodian of Wreck Hill.

Never been known to wear a complete suit of clothing.

MRS. G. DE C. MORRELL

Leader of the Bermuda Woman's Suffrage Movement.

Annually refuses to pay her taxes and is annually sold out.

Organized the famous mock funeral of "Bermuda Justice."

L. MOWBRAY "Moxie"

Director of the Bermuda Government Aquarium.

Built the aquariums at Boston and Miami.

For some time the most important exhibit in the Battery Park Aquarium, in the same tank as the sea lion.

Bermuda's indigenous explorer.

Pet anathema—The Marine Gardens and Deep-sea Diving.

H. T. NORTH

Bermuda's Objector General.

Planter and parliamentarian.

Agin everything especially marine lizards.

J. J. Outerbridge "Joe"
100% pure?
A tower of strength to the Citizens' League.
Born in a hurricane and always breezy.

Charlie Pitt "Bottomless Pit"
Authority on Bermuda beverages.

Joe Powell
Mark Twain's blue-eyed commercial yachtsman.

A. M. Purcell "Sam"
Bermuda's Samuel Pepys. Pokes fun at everybody including himself.
Everybody takes him seriously except himself.
Noted musician and editor of Bermuda's daily paper the *Royal Gazette and Colonist.*
The exception to the rule that every personality in this Who's Who, is a native Bermudian. He was not born in Bermuda but he should have been.

Miss K. Seon "Kate"
Librarian of Bermuda's Public Library.
Hamilton owes much to Miss Seon for her organization of the Public Library.
Originally objecting to the band playing near the library, she now has a taste for waltz music by a military band.
She makes politicians see red.
Loves sentimental Christmas cards.

Allan Smith Sen
Father of Rhodes Scholars, etc.

H. V. Smith "Pompy"
Hobby—Turtle soup and Fish Chowdah.

P. B. Smith "P B"
An unfailing wit.

Sir S. S. Spurling
Bermuda's "Prime Minister" and leading light.
He can make the "truth" stranger than fiction.

Sydney Spurling "Daddy"
He will move anything.
Always on the go.

J. D. B. Talbot "John"
A terror to lawyers.
Uncrowned King of Hamilton, concerning whom the following poem appeared:

Remember the Charybdis
Dicky D and Johnny T
Both have traveled on the sea.
Dicky D had all to fee
Johnny T's was paid by me.

Miss Helen Talbot
She runs the Corporation of the City of Hamilton and they know it.
The Corporation's Field Kitchen.

S. S. Toddings
Father of Journalism in Bermuda.

John Trimingham, O.B.E.
Bermuda's tall silent Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Not even an explosion could expedite him.

E. H. Trimingham "Eldon"
If Eldon had sailed the *Endeavor,* the *Rainbow* wouldn't have had a look-in.

Hon. W. J. H. Trott "Howard" or "Schemy" or "Deacon"
Bermuda's Big Shot.

Rev. Arthur Tucker
Beloved parson of all Bermuda and Rector of St. Peter's Church at St. George's.
He rocks the cradle of Christianity in the Western hemisphere.

Leonard Tucker "Dicky"
Son of the Rev. Arthur Tucker.
Bermuda's Seamen's Missionary and Founder of the Sailor's Home in Hamilton.
As a small boy he rented his bicycle to get money to take sailors to tea rather than have them frequent public bars.
Speaks a smattering of every language known to sailors except profane.

Miss Catharine Tucker
Founder and proprietor of the famous Little Green Door Tearoom, beloved by Mark Twain.
Champion of the right to fly her own flag.
Authority on foreign exchange.

Miss Ethel Tucker
Proprietor of Bermuda's first and most famous antique and curio store, known as the Little Green Shop.

She keeps alive Bermuda's native arts and crafts.
Second only to her sister as an expert in foreign exchange.

E. P. T. Tucker, M.C.P. "Percy" also known as "Captain Kidd"
Never known to refuse to make a donation to any cause whatever! hence the phrase "Ask Percy."
Authority on Ports and Channels.
Aim in life, to restore the capital to St. George's.
Hobby—Paper chasing.

Dr. W. E. Tucker
Famous surgeon and husband of one of Bermuda's most militant suffragettes.
Celebrated football player and Cambridge "Blue," also father of another Cambridge football captain and "Blue."

Mrs. W. E. Tucker "Etta"
Chairman of the Bermuda Welfare Society. Bermuda's most militant suffragette, but hates the term.

Sir Henry Watlington "Harry"
Mayor of Hamilton, also agent for the Furness Bermuda Line.
His father was a sea captain and commanded the *Sir George Seymour*, a Bermuda-built sailing ship.
Hates to wear his chain of office.
Carried on a correspondence with himself in his dual capacity of Mayor and Agent.
Never seen without a pipe.
Hobby—Education, waterworks and pulling sage-bush.

HARTLEY WATLINGTON "Hartley"

The man who first introduced the canoe to Bermuda and now runs all Bermuda's ferry boats at about the same speed.

His office is a Mecca for all Canadians.

Sin Island wouldn't be the same without him.

DR. HENRY WILKINSON

Director of Health and author of *The Adventurers of Bermuda.*

Thinking of writing another book entitled "Life Begins at Ninety in Bermuda."

His heart is in the past.

Has never been known to commit himself or anything else.

A relative said that she had never even found a lady's glove in his pocket.

Geological Formation of Bermuda

NOTES ON THE GEOLOGICAL FORMATION OF BERMUDA. BY WILLIAM LIVINGSTON. DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC WORKS. A.M.INST.C.E.

*The Islands of Bermuda are the peaks of a sub-*marine mountain range. A boring made during 1914 by the late Dr. Trott in the vicinity of the Gibb's Hill, Southampton, revealed that from ground surface to approximately 200 feet below sea level the formation is Eolian Limestone (formed from wind-blown limestone sand) below which is a stratum 200 feet thick of decomposed volcanic tufa, below which again is volcanic rock. It can therefore be

safely assumed that the Bermuda Islands are founded on a volcanic hump, the surface of which came near to, if not above, the present surface of the sea.

None of the volcanic formation is visible on the surface at the present time. The whole exposed portions of the islands and a considerable portion of the shallow area around Bermuda is completely covered with layers of Eolian Limestone, earth, and coral formations.

Ten to fifteen miles out from the reefs around Bermuda, in almost any direction, the sea is two miles deep or more. There is no indication that Bermuda has been joined by dry land to the continent of North America or any large area of land at any time in its geological history, and due to this fact it has a very valuable and interesting surface formation. By surface formation all strata overlying the volcanic is included.

It is generally understood that the Bermuda Islands are the most northerly point at which the coral forms of life are known to exist and carry on their constructive work.

Much valuable information has been obtained

during excavation and dredging operations, which greatly assists in confirming existing theories and arriving at fresh conclusions concerning the formation of the layers of eolian strata, which are separated at various depths by very distinct brown earth layers.

The so called coral limestone, forming the sides of any deep cutting on roadways and quarries on close inspection is found to contain a very large percentage of fine pulverised shell, with a smaller proportion of pulverized coral. Embedded in these layers of sand are complete and broken sea shells all of which have been deposited in layers by the high winds that blew up the Bermuda hills or sand dunes.

Not less than four layers of earth have been identified including the layer on the present surface of the ground. Each buried earth layer was the surface of Bermuda at the time that particular earth layer was formed. On the Marsh Folly Road there is a cutting through the hill eighty-six feet deep which was completed in 1933. The first earth layer at one point in this cutting is over sixty feet below the present ground surface. On this same road op-

posite the Tennis Stadium there is a buried fossil earth layer visible with a fossil hardwood tree trunk also the impressions of Palm Leaves of a palm tree in their growing positions. These trees were growing on this earth layer at the time when they were covered up by a sand storm. An earth layer is found 150 feet below ground surface in the 195 ft. deep well at Prospect.

These earth layers represent the Interglacial or warm periods of the Glacial Age when earth was formed and vegetation flourished. The layers of pulverised shell and coral sand represent the Glacial or cold periods when the formation of Ice and Snow of the ice caps of the world extracted so much water from the non-frozen portions of the seas that the large shallow area to the north of Bermuda was laid bare exposing this area to the hurricane winds that blew the sand and shell on to the mounds which are now the islands of Bermuda. The cycle of events causing the lowering of the non-frozen portions of the oceans of the world and raising again the sea level due to the melting of the Ice Caps occurred several times.

These cold and warm periods, through which this earth passed are estimated to be anything from 150,000 to 200,000 years duration each.

Fossil Birds Eggs. Birds Skeletons. Palm and other tree trunks, also Palm leaf impressions are being brought to light in excavation and dredging operations.

Some Good Old Bermudian Recipes

The following recipes have been selected from the *Bermuda Recipe Book* published by the Bermuda Welfare Society:

JOHNNY CAKE

1 cup of flour
2 teaspoons of baking powder
¼ teaspoon of salt
1 cup of corn meal
¼ cup of sugar
1 cup of milk
1 egg
butter the size of an egg

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, add corn meal and sugar. Melt butter, add to well beaten egg and add to other ingredients with milk. Beat all together lightly. Bake in greased shallow pan for 30 to 40 minutes.

Miss A. Tucker

BERMUDA WAFFLES

4 level teaspoons baking powder
2 level cups flour (½ lb.)
½ level teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1 and ½ cups milk (¾ pint)
4 tablespoons melted butter

Mix flour with baking powder and salt and sift into a bowl. Separate eggs and beat the yolks, butter and milk. Add this mixture gradually to the dry ingredients, beating thoroughly. When well mixed, fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour from a pitcher on to the waffle iron. Serve with maple syrup.

Miss G. C. Hutchings

BERMUDA MUSSEL STEW

1 quart of shelled mussels
1 large onion
¼ lb. salt pork
salt and pepper to taste

Put onion, salt pork and about 2 tablespoons of butter in pot to brown. Then add the mussels, salt, pepper, a little chopped parsley and enough water to cover. Let stew until mussels are tender, about two hours. This mixture is also good to put in a pie crust and bake.

Mrs. W. M. Conyers

BUTTERED BERMUDA ONIONS

12 young Bermuda onions
2 tablespoons butter
1 to 2 teaspoons of salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup hot water
paprika

Peel onions and place in a casserole or baking dish. Add the butter, salt, pepper and the hot water. Bake covered. Serve with a dash of paprika.

PEPPER POT
(Mrs. H. A. Smith)

A clay pot, a wooden spoon and fork. No metal ones must ever be used. Good sense and scrupulous cleanliness are most essential in preparing and keeping this food.

2 or 3 lbs. fresh pork
salt
fresh peppers
little thyme
cassareep

Fry the pork till cooked right through and nicely browned; cut in pieces suitable for helping; bones may go in too. Put meat in pot, all the gravy and the dripping. Add about three or four tablespoons of cassareep, peppers cut open, thyme, salt and enough water to cover. Put the pot on the stove and bring to the boil. Simmer slowly for about one hour. It is best after several days. Cooked beef and poultry must be added, and the pot boiled every day for about ten minutes. Always keep the top on the pot. Set back to cool. Do not keep on the stove. Add cassareep, meat, chicken, peppers, gravy or water when required. Cut meat into pieces and cook before putting in. Never put kidneys in or anything with onions in it. Let the gravy come to a boil each day. Should it become too greasy, remove fat when the pot is cold.

MISS LUCY BLACKBURN

Note by Carveth Wells

Start your pepper pot at Christmas time and keep it going until the following Christmas. Although you may not serve the pepper pot every day, you must bring it to the boil daily.

BERMUDA BANANAS—BAKED

12 bananas
4 tablespoons of lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
7 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons butter

Slice in half the bananas and put in a buttered baking dish. Melt the butter and add the other ingredients; pour over the bananas, and bake for ½ hour, basting frequently. Very good with chicken.

BANANA PUDDING

Cut sponge cake in slices and put alternately in a glass dish a layer of cake and a layer of bananas sliced. Make a custard, flavor with wine and pour over it. Beat the whites of the eggs (left over from custard) to a stiff froth and heap it over the whole. (Add about 1 tablespoon of sugar gradually to the whites of eggs before using.)

MISS L. TRIMMINGHAM

BERMUDA SWEET POTATO PUDDING

2 lbs. sweet potatoes boiled and mashed
1 small cup sugar
little salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 egg
1 teaspoon lime juice
little grated rind
1 teaspoon all spice
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Beat all the ingredients into the hot mashed potatoes and bake well in greased tins.

MRS. W. E. S. ZUILL

CASSAVA PIE

8 lbs. cassava
1 doz. eggs
½ lb. butter
1 cup sherry or brandy
¼ lb. flour
1 and ½ lbs. sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons mixed spices
½ teaspoon salt
1 and ½ lbs. pork
1 and ½ lbs. beef
4 lbs. chicken

Grate cassava, squeeze through cheesecloth. Add eggs, sugar, butter. Sift flour, baking powder spices and salt. Dissolve soda in tablespoon water. Add sherry and mix well. Boil beef, pork and chicken with thyme, parsley, salt and pepper. Line pie pan with mixture about one and a half inches

thick. Add meats and two cups stock. Cover with cassava mixture and bake about three hours. Baste occasionally with gravy to keep crust moist.

MRS. C. RAY

BERMUDA POUND FRUIT CAKE

½ lb. flour
½ lb. butter
6 eggs
½ lb sugar
½ lb. seedless raisins
1 lb. raisins (seeded)
¼ lb. citron
dash of nutmeg and brandy.

Rub together flour and butter. Separate eggs and save two whites for icing. Rub yolks and sugar together, then turn the beaten whites to the sugar and yolks. Add this to flour and butter and mix in the fruit after well flouring.

MISS SUSIS HUTCHINGS

GREEN PAWPAW JAM

To each pound of pawpaw, peeled and cut into small cubes, add enough water to cover and boil until tender. Then add one pound of sugar, half an ounce of whole ginger crushed (tied in muslin) and boil gently until the syrup is thick.

TOMATO JAM

Plunge the required quantity of sound tomatoes into boiling water, skin them and cut them into thin slices. To every pound of sliced fruit allow one pound of sugar. Boil to a syrup. Allow about twenty minutes or until it jellies.

GINGER BEER

2 ounces powdered ginger root
½ ounce cream of tartar
2 lemons
2 lbs. sugar
1 large tablespoon best yeast
2 gallons of soft boiling water

Put the ginger root, cream of tartar, sliced lemons, sugar and soft boiling water into a kettle. Simmer over a slow fire for half an hour. When the liquor is nearly cold stir in the yeast. Allow it to ferment for twenty-four hours and then bottle for use.

MRS. H. S. ATWOOD

BERMUDA MILK PUNCH

1st. day. Steep the peel of 18 lemons in 1 quart of strong rum.

2nd. day. Squeeze the juice of the lemons on 4 lbs. of white sugar.

3rd. day. Mix all together with three quarts more of rum and 5 quarts of water that has been boiled and pour into the whole 2 quarts of boiling milk, stir well and cover closely until cold. Strain through a jelly bag till perfectly clear. Bottle.

Half these ingredients will make about seven bottles.

MRS. JAMES L. SMITH

OLD BERMUDA PUNCH

2 bottles rum
1 bottle lemon juice
2 and ¼ lbs. sugar
2 bottles tea
1 bottle sherry
6 bottles water
1 lb. Guava Jelly

Add to this ½ bottle brandy. Pour into a punch bowl with plenty of ice.

COX FAMILY

OLD BERMUDA PLANTERS PUNCH

One portion of juice of fresh limes; two portions sugar; three portions water; four portions Old Jamaica Rum. Fill

glass with shaved ice, shake well, add dash of red pepper (if desired), and serve with straw.

MRS. JAMES L. SMITH

BERMUDA SYLLABUB

1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon Guava Jelly

Enough Marsala wine to cover the Guava. Top with whipped cream. Serve in tall glasses.

MRS. JAMES L. SMITH

Exploring the Shops

BY ZETTA CARVETH WELLS

No matter for what reason you may have come to Bermuda, eventually you will succumb to the greatest sport of all, shopping.

Bermuda is no Niagara Falls, and the store that is devoted entirely to souvenirs that reek of bad taste and are made everywhere except in Bermuda simply doesn't exist.

One of the great advantages of shopping in Bermuda is that you do not have to walk miles or spend a fortune on taxis or be shoved on and off stuffy elevators. All the shops are within easy reach of one another, so that shopping, instead of being terribly wearying, actually becomes a delightful adventure.

It is, of course, quite impossible to mention all Bermuda's shops in the limited space at my disposal, so I propose to select those that are so typically Bermudian that they are almost as much a part of the islands as Cathedral Rocks themselves.

One of the things that simply delighted me was the feeling that I was welcome to look around to my heart's content without being compelled to buy; in fact, I found that it was not at all unusual for one shop to recommend another for some article which, although carried by both shops, happened to be the specialty of one of them. Any rivalry that there may be is certainly of the most friendly character; for instance, the two largest and most important department stores are Smiths and Trimminghams.

One day a postman delivered to Mr. Smith a letter addressed to "The Largest Store in Bermuda," so Mr. Smith laughingly showed the letter to Mr. Trimmingham, who quickly remarked, "Now I know why it is that we have been missing so much of our mail lately!"

When exploring the shops, do not forget that

Bermuda, like England, is an island of shopkeepers, but with one great difference, most of Bermuda's shopwalkers would be found in the islands' Social Register if there were one, which, Heaven be praised, there isn't.

Assuming that you have a husband or a father or a brother accompanying you, the first step should be to interest them in doing a little shopping on their own account, for once they start they will discover that Bermuda can offer the very best in men's clothing at about half the price of New York, and before you know where you are, friend husband will be shopping for himself enthusiastically instead of following you around like a mute at a funeral.

H. A. and E. Smiths is an excellent place to start surveying, for you will find this delightful store a paradise for lovely soft Indian Cashmere topcoats, cashmere sweaters in all the smart colors and especially herringbone cashmere sport jackets that look so nobby with flannel or Doeskin trousers.

The material in these coats is too soft and lovely to miss; in fact, it is too soft to be moral.

Talking of Doeskin, just examine this incom-

parable material, all of which is thoroughly pre-shrunk, so that you don't have to fear the heartache of having it returned from the cleaners so shrunk that you cannot get into it. If you are buying doeskin trousers, which wash beautifully, be sure and ask for super-doeskin, and your trousers will become a family heirloom. Doeskin also comes in gray and that soft lovely tan that goes so well with a brown sports coat with belted back and patch pockets, although you will notice that the Bermudians themselves usually prefer the less expensive gray flannel trousers.

Once the man in your party has purchased a pair of Doeskin trousers, he should not object to your buying a few pairs of white doeskin gloves which wash as easily and satisfactorily as a linen handkerchief.

Smiths also sell Penfold's golf balls for about half the price you pay for them in New York. And as for the Church Brogue English sport shoes for men, they are about one-third the price you pay for them at home.

Now is your opportunity, while your husband is

trying on shoes, to sneak over to the women's department and get yourself a doeskin skirt with a deliciously soft cashmere sweater to match. You will find that they have them in delicate pastel hues as well as the darker colors.

Personally I chose Bermuda Blue, which is without a peer in blues.

Smiths have some wonderful Shetland Homespuns, made by fisher women and hand dyed with colors derived from various kinds of seaweeds and vegetable matter.

You will find it hard to drag yourself away from Smiths, but don't do all your shopping before you have made a complete survey of the field.

Within a few steps of Smiths is the famous old firm of Trimminghams an unusual name, that is associated with Bermuda, no matter in what part of the world you may hear it.

Ask to see their Liberty Lawns and you will see some of the most beautiful old-fashioned patterns at a price that will overcome all your resistance. For afternoon teagowns or summer evening dresses, Liberty Lawn is just the material. I tried it myself

and bought enough material for an evening dress for $3, and the result was quite a sensation.

Trimminghams is the only place in Bermuda where you can purchase those chic suede walking shoes that are as snug-fitting as a glove.

They come in brown and solid white. Trimminghams is the place for Harris Tweeds in great variety. This material, which is excellent for traveling and for country life, can be bought ready-made or tailored to measure.

With knitting and crocheting so popular, you will undoubtedly want to know where to buy yarn, so betake yourself to the Linen Shop, and you will find a most complete stock of the very finest Scotch yarns at prices that will astonish you. As for linens, an examination of the linens on display at the Linen Shop is like making a tour around the world, for they seem to have linen from everywhere. Don't be surprised at the diminutive size of the Linen Shop; that is one of its great advantages, for you can sit in a chair and reach anything anywhere without the least exertion. If you have forgotten how to knit, they'll arrange to teach you; if you haven't the energy

to do your own knitting, they can also remedy that situation.

By this time, your husband is probably looking for you, having just bought those brogues and golf balls, so just lead him gently to the Town Shop and let him take a peek at their Flannel shirts, Polo shirts and Camel's Hair Overcoats, but if that doesn't keep him occupied, take him into the Smoke Shop where he can buy Dunhill Pipes and a good many more things beloved by smokers at about half the price he is accustomed to pay elsewhere.

Right next door to the Smoke Shop is the Eleanor Brown Hat shop, where you can buy English Sports hats made by the most famous hatter in the world, Henry Heath.

Everyone who visits Bermuda purchases picture postcards, but not everyone knows that the most artistic cards in the islands are to be found in Miss Tucker's Little Green Shop. If antiques and old silver are in your line, it will pay you to explore the Little Green Shop.

If your husband shows signs of impatience, take him into Goslings and all his troubles will disappear

at the sight of the best stock of wines and liquors to be found anywhere.

The great advantage of buying whiskies, brandies and wines at a shop like Goslings is, that you need not have the slightest fear of being swindled. Unlike the United States where the manufacture of counterfeit labels and bottles has become a menace to the lives of people who occasionally take a drink, Bermuda is absolutely free from all such dangers.

Not only in Goslings, but in all the other wineshops in Bermuda, you can rely upon the absolute genuineness of every brand.

Be sure you notice those delightfully shaped bottles that Goslings display to tempt you; think of the fun of pouring liqueur from bottles shaped like elephants, dogs, ducks and even penguins.

As a treat for your children, buy a case of Ginger Beer (not ginger ale) in stone bottles, they'll love it. But in case the day is hot and your husband is likely to return home hot and thirsty, prepare for him a large jug of Shandy Gaff, which is half beer and half ginger beer.

Don't forget to visit Cooper's china shop, especially

if you are interested in Wedgewood. I found a delightful English "Early Morning Tea Set," so tiny and perfect for one person's breakfast that it fits easily upon an ordinary breakfast tray.

If books interest you, you will be amazed at the size and completeness of the Book Shop; here, indeed, is a shop of which Bermudians are justly proud.

For an interesting little side trip, walk through the Walker Arcade, where you will find a very nice little teashop that serves most delicious hot teacake.

For Easter Lilies try the Fairy Isle, and remember that the flowers and buds can be specially packed for mailing abroad.

Ice cream cones, coca-cola, razor blades, American newspapers and about a million other things that everybody uses at one time or another can be purchased at the Phoenix Drug Store.

Before you leave Bermuda, you simply cannot afford to miss visiting Peniston and Brown's, the only Perfume salon outside Paris where you will find every conceivable kind of perfume at the good old prices that prevailed before America went off the

gold standard. The shop is on the same side of the street and a few doors from the Bank of Bermuda; ask them for your favorite perfume in one of their famous Angel Fish Bottles.

Modern Books on Bermuda

Bermuda Houses, John S. Humphreys

Adventurers of Bermuda, Dr. Henry Wilkinson

The Story of Bermuda, Hudson Strode

Bermuda Past and Present, Walter B. Hayward

Bermuda's Oldest Inhabitants, Louisa Hutchings Smith

Half Mile Down, William Beebe

Nonsuch, William Beebe

Fieldbook of Shore Fishes, William Beebe and John Tee-Van

Bermuda's Best Recipes, The Bermuda Welfare Society

Picturesque Bermuda, J. J. Bushell

Beautiful Bermuda, Euphemia Young Bell

Rider's Guide to Bermuda by Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper

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